

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1876.

No. 192, New Series.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Erechtheus; a Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (London: Chatto and Windus, 1876.)

LYCURGUS the orator gives the following argument of the lost tragedy of *Erechtheus* by Euripides:—

"They say that Eumolpus, the son of Poseidon and Ohione, came with the Thracians to conquer Attica; and that at that time Erechtheus, who had for wife Praxithea, the daughter of Cephalus, reigned in Athens. When, therefore, a great army was about to assault the land, the king sent to Delphi, and enquired how he might obtain a victory over his enemies. The god answered that he would win, if he slew his daughter before such time as the forces engaged in battle. This, in obedience to the oracle, he did, and drove the foemen forth from Attica."

From other sources we learn that the name of the daughter, thus sacrificed for the welfare of Athens, was Chthonia, and that two of her sisters having vowed not to survive her, slew themselves. It also appears that in the decisive battle Erechtheus killed Eumolpus with his own hand, and was himself destroyed by a thunderbolt from Zeus. Erechtheus was reputed to have been autochthonous, or sprung from the Attic soil in marriage with Hephaestus. He and Praxithea were the parents of Oreithyia, whom the north wind whirled away to Thrace, and of Procris the unhappy bride of Cephalus. How Euripides handled the whole of this mythological material in his lost drama is uncertain; but it is clear from a long speech of fifty-five lines preserved by Lycurgus, that in the person of Praxithea he nobly illustrated his favourite female virtue of *εὐψυχία*—the firm and lofty spirit in a woman, which subordinated all personal affections and domestic charities to public heroism, and to the duty demanded from her by the State. Had the tragedy been preserved entire, we cannot doubt that both mother and daughter, Praxithea and Chthonia, would have taken rank beside Makaria and Iphigeneia.

Mr. Swinburne in the play before us has selected the same leading motive of Chthonia's sacrifice, and has interwoven with it all the fabulous material which gives variety and colour to the legend of Erechtheus. The skill with which he has disengaged the splendid human heroism of Praxithea and Chthonia from this background of intricate and sombre mythology, and has concentrated all the interest of his drama on their two personalities, reserving the other elements of the fable for lyrical treatment in the choruses, for descriptions which produce a sense of

relief, and for allusions which deepen the tragic pathos, proves the most consummate mastery of dramatic art. His *Erechtheus* is not a bare imitation of a Greek play or a reconstruction of a lost tragedy by Euripides. It is a Greek play written in the English tongue, in the creation of which the poet has not merely adopted the forms of the Attic drama, but has thought and felt, selected his chief subject and distributed his subordinate incidents, precisely as a Greek playwright would have done. The harmony of all the parts is perfect. The tone is maintained with unerring tact. Not one word is spoken, not one note is struck, and not one sentiment is suggested which could jar upon the sympathies or tax the intelligence of an ancient Greek. And yet our *Erechtheus* is as living to us now as it would have been to an Athenian. The humanity of the two heroines, in their self-sacrifice and piety and measureless love, is so perfect that no archaisms of scholarship, mythology, and alien superstition can divide them from our affection.

It is worth while pausing for a moment to consider the point on which the action turns. Athens, though as yet but a young city, the child of rocky Attica, and the nursling of Pallas, has a sense of her high destinies. For her sake gods have been in combat. Pallas and Poseidon stood against each other, and Pallas conquered. Now, the wrath of Poseidon assails the virgin city, and the armies of his son Eumolpus threaten like a wave to overwhelm her. By the mysterious will of heaven it is decreed that only Chthonia's death can secure life for the State. This sacrifice is demanded of Praxithea, the mother, who has already seen one daughter ravished from her side by Boreas. It is demanded of the child herself, who has nothing but her young life to yield. Both mother and daughter obey without a murmur, conscious, indeed, of the dreadful price they have to pay, but confirmed in their constancy by faith in heaven, and by the certainty they feel that such a city as Athens will one day be, is worth the loss of all particular lives. Such patriotism is always noble; it never fails to supply a theme for impassioned poetry. But if we remember what Athens has been in the history of the freedom and of the glory of the human spirit, then the self-devotion of Chthonia and the self-forgetfulness of Praxithea touch us not merely with admiration but also with a deep sense of personal gratitude. This is the powerful motive which the poet holds at his disposal; and it may be easily imagined that both lustre and dignity are added to it by the praises with which the experience of the past has enabled him to exalt the worth of the land for whom her daughter dies. It is a passion before which the ordinary motives of romantic poetry—love, jealousy, ambition—hang their diminished heads. Perhaps the greatest evidence of Mr. Swinburne's genius in this drama is this, that, having chosen an essentially classic subject, and having treated it in a rigorously classic style, he has at the same time vitalised it with emotion which, though more antique than modern, still compels our own particular sympathy. In hearing the speech of Athena at the termination of the

action, even the modern audience will feel that consolation of the noblest and most spiritual kind is offered, not only to the citizens of Erechtheus and the widowed queen, but also to themselves, because the poet has convinced them that the drama of Athens was the drama of liberty, and that on the fate of Athens hung the fate of civilised humanity. It is for the spiritual citadel of all mankind, the city glorious of thought and freedom, that Chthonia dies; and the promise of Athena is for us the voice of history anticipated. Such is the high and noble theme of Mr. Swinburne's youngest poem. To such altitudes, rarely scaled by the feet of poets in the modern age, has he ascended.

It is conceivable that some other poet might have seen the grandeur of the subject of *Erechtheus*, and, in attempting it, might have failed fully to enlist our human sympathies. In the heroines of Euripidean tragedy, for example, there is an element of frigid stoicism which repels our love as much as their self-sacrifice attracts it. This peril Mr. Swinburne, by his vivid realisation of the maternal and filial relations between Praxithea and Chthonia, has not so much avoided as annihilated. The sublimity of self-devotion to the public good can never be called cold or stern, when the patients of this exalted enthusiasm love each other as these do. To quote passages in support of this remark would be impossible in a notice of the kind which I have undertaken. The whole of the two scenes which are devoted to Praxithea and her daughter (lines 361-554 and lines 863-1134) would have to be transcribed.

At this point, it may be said in passing that the character-interest of the play is concentrated upon the two women, and that the greatest amount of artistic pains has been bestowed upon Praxithea. Her *ἦθος*, as a god-fearing, reverent, law-loving, intensely affectionate, yet nobly disinterested woman—a woman for whom the sanctities and charms of domestic life, dear as they are, exist only as a part of a wider spiritual sphere from which they draw their vitality—is presented to us with the utmost consistency, traced with delicacy, and firmly sustained. Praxithea is as real and full in personality as the Antigone of Sophocles. Erechtheus occupies the second place in the composition. To have brought him into equal prominence with Praxithea and Chthonia would have been to confuse the drama with divided interests. For the rest, the heralds and messengers stand of course upon a third plane; while Athena, like a being of another world, speaks once and speaks authoritatively with the clear voice of a goddess and the tenderness of a protective saint.

One of the difficulties of the subject has been hinted in the previous paragraph. Chthonia saves Athens; that is the central point of the play; at the same time Erechtheus is slain in battle, and two of Chthonia's sisters kill themselves. It is impossible to combine these subsidiary incidents into more than a formal harmony with the main motive. Yet even here Mr. Swinburne has contrived a dramatic success, by rendering them the means of bringing Athena upon the stage and placing in her lips the prophecy of

Athenian greatness. It was necessary that blow on blow should crush the patient faith-abiding heart of Praxithea, and that the city in the hour of its salvation should be reduced to mourning, in order that the appearance of the *deus ex machina* should be justified. In this way only could the perfection of Praxithea's character, as beautiful in chastened joy as in courageous sorrow, be exhibited, and the play conclude on such a note as this last speech of hers:—

"O queen Athena, from a heart made whole
Take as thou givest us blessing; never tear
Shall stain for shame nor groan untune the song,
That as a bird shall spread and fold its wings
Here in thy praise for ever, and fulfil
The whole world's crowning city crowned with thee
As the sun's eye fulfils and crowns with sight
The circling crown of heaven. There is no grief
Great as the joy to be made one in will
With him that is the heart and rule of life
And thee, God born of God; thy name is ours,
And thy large grace more great than our desire."

In respect to form, the *Erechtheus* is constructed upon pure classic principles, and will bear the most minute scrutiny that the scholar can give. If it be fashioned upon the style of any one of the three Attic tragedians, it is probably to Aeschylus that we should look for Mr. Swinburne's model. The first and the seventh Choruses (see lines 95-238, and lines 1283-1447) recall similar lyric movements in the *Supplices* and the *Septem Contra Thebas*; while the presence of only two actors on the stage at the same time is Aeschylean. Very true, again, to the spirit of Aeschylean art is the whole mythology of the powers of sea and earth in conflict. As personality is given to the winds and the waves, so language and imagery are created for them by the poet. It would be a mistake, however, to regard *Erechtheus* as a study after Aeschylus. The knowledge of Greek dramatic art which it displays, is comprehensive and complete; and it is clear that Mr. Swinburne has freely availed himself of all resources of the genuine Attic stage which suited his purpose. In this play, as before in *Atalanta*, he is particularly successful in his use of stichomuthia, or dialogue conducted by the interchange of single lines. According to Greek usage, he employs this form of conversation for the conveyance of covert speech and *double entendre* (see pp. 15, 23, 88), and also for defiant bandying of words between antagonistic personages (see p. 38). Instances of both Iambic and Trochaic stichomuthia occur in places where a more sedate and a more animated utterance are severally required. The part of the Messenger, again, is used with fine effect. The speech which describes the death of Chthonia (lines 1191-1340) has all the beauty of similar descriptions in Euripides; while the Athenian Herald's narrative of the decisive battle (1487-1584) is marked by Aeschylean pomp of diction. It is probable, however, that the student of classic literature will derive most pleasure from the kommos, or lyrical dialogue sustained between Chthonia and the Chorus just before her death (lines 1087-1134). It begins, after the appearance of Chthonia upon the stage, with a kind of antiphonal litany, the girl chaunting one

long grave line of prayer and farewell, the Chorus returning answer with a shorter line of consolatory response; and it concludes with a monody sung by Chthonia. In the whole of this passage the Greek outline is traced with a pure and simple precision beyond praise.

It remains still to speak of the Chorus, of which Mr. Swinburne has made liberal use. Counting long and short together, there are no fewer than nine choric movements in the play. The first, which is eddying, clamorous, Aeschylean, sets forth the old strife of Poseidon and Athena, invokes the protection of heaven in the dire calamity of Athens, and adverts to the tales of Oreithyia and Procris. The second expresses the sense of mysterious awe inspired by the oracle communicated to Erechtheus. The third, which is a real triumph of lyrical genius, describes the rape of Oreithyia by the stormful north wind. In the fourth, the coming sacrifice of Chthonia is foreseen, and the pathos of it is enhanced by reflections upon death and life. The fifth dwells upon that love of loves, which is stronger than all love, the mysterious affection of earth's children for the earth, and the yearning toward one another of earth and fire in the love embraces that begat a brood autochthonous for Attica. This chorus is important for the main motive of the tragedy, as a lyrical expression of the enthusiasm which supports Praxithea and Chthonia. The sixth very briefly contrasts Niobe with Praxithea. The seventh describes war and the terror of battle, the darkness which shrouded the sun's light while the armies were engaging, and the clinging in their sore need of Athena's citizens to the hope of help from Phoebus. The eighth, which is short, but very true to Greek feeling, expresses the joy felt for the deliverance of the city, mingled with a dread lest some mysterious curse should cling about it for the outpoured maiden's blood. This prepares the audience for the appearance of Athena, who alone can reassure her citizens and give the certainty of plenitude of peace and growing fame for ever. The ninth and last lyrical utterance of the Chorus is the ten concluding lines of the tragedy. Whether general readers will find as much in the lyrical passages of *Erechtheus* to admire, separated from the drama, as they found in *Atalanta*, may perhaps be questioned. The scholar, on the contrary, will recognise in them a still greater fidelity to Greek thought and feeling, a more intimate and organic connexion between their themes and the motives of the drama. There is no competent reader who, after sufficient study of the play, will not agree with us in recognising the sublime beauty of the subject, the faith and purity and reverence which mark its large and deep humanity, and the exquisiteness of its artistic workmanship. *Erechtheus* is, in truth, a masterpiece, considered not merely as a reproduction of classical art, but also as a poem which appeals to men of all nations and of all times.

J. A. SYMONDS.

A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities. Being a Continuation of the "Dictionary of the Bible." Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., and Samuel Cheetham, M.A. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 898. (London: John Murray, 1875.)

It is fitting that the country which has produced that which is, on the whole, and after all deductions, the greatest extant work on Christian archaeology, *Bingham's Antiquities of the Christian Church*, should also lead the way in the compilation of a dictionary exclusively devoted to the same subject. There are works on a larger scale, such as the *Dictionnaire Sacré* of the Dominicans Richard and Giraud, the *Real-Encyclopädie* of Herzog, and the more useful *Lexicon* of Wetzer and Welte, in which the subject is treated as part of a greater whole; but the present work has no exact parallel, and undoubtedly goes far to fill a very serious gap in a library of reference. The staff has, for the most part, been very carefully chosen, and without sectional exclusiveness. There are some very good names on the list; there are several absent which would naturally be looked for by those conversant with the subject-matter of the volume, and there are a few from whom the most that can reasonably be hoped is the absence of serious error. Three of the contributors, and all of them men who could ill be spared, have been removed by death since the work began—Bishop Forbes of Brechin, Mr. A. W. Haddan, and Mr. Wharton B. Marriott; and it is to be hoped that the list to be prefixed to the second volume will show that men worthy of being their successors have been added to the staff. Any book prepared on the plan of Dr. Smith's dictionaries must necessarily be unequal in execution, but the diligent supervision of Professor Cheetham has done much to prevent any marked discrepancies from displaying themselves, and so far as it has been possible to test this volume, running from A to J inclusive, it is, in the main, commendably free from those "impertinent," and sometimes even ludicrous, digressions which deface the Bible Dictionary in several places.

The chronological range of the volume is from the Apostolic Age to that of Karl the Great, and thus secures unity of treatment at the not inconsiderable loss of all Mediaeval archaeology, which is no doubt a sufficiently large subject, as the editors remind us, to fill a separate book, but which cannot be intelligibly treated in such a fashion without excessive iteration, as they will surely find should they undertake it hereafter. There is one serious omission which arrests attention at the outset—that there is not any *Notitia* of sees and monasteries, with the succession of bishops, such as Richard and Giraud give, and as Mr. Landon began to do in his unfinished *Ecclesiastical Dictionary*. It is an unspeakable convenience to the student of ecclesiastical history to have a concise guide to the respective ancient and modern names of places named therein, and there is as yet no adequate manual for the purpose. The *Orbis Latinus* of Graesse is, *experto crede*, very imperfect, and needs to be supplemented with the lists given in Ainsworth's

old Latin Dictionary and in the admirable *Lexicon Universale* of Hoffman (best edition, 4 vols. folio, Leiden, 1698), which anticipated Dr. Smith two centuries ago, and is still, for the Imperial period at any rate, a much better book than his *Dictionary of Classical Antiquities*. I note further the absence of a by no means inconsiderable number of words, some of which I cite from the *Hieroglossicon* of Macri and some from a brief glossary of Ecclesiastical Greek which I compiled and appended to a book on the offices of the Holy Eastern Church published by me in 1863. Here are a few of the lacunae, by way of specimens under A:—*Abascantus*, *Accubita*, *Adelphaton*, *Alleluaticum* or *Alleluarium*, *Amula*, *Anabathra*, *Analogion*, *Apocrisiarius*, *Apotyrosis*, *Automelon*. Nor are the words actually given always exhaustively treated. Thus under *Anaphora* there is no reference to the meanings of (a) the Eucharistic bread, and (b) the recitation of the names in the Diptychs; and under *Anathema* we are not told that when spelt with an *n*, the word means an *ex-voto*, or offering hung up in a church. Imperfections of this sort are more frequent than could be wished, and run through the volume, seriously lessening its utility.

Another question, more important than that of completeness, is that of impartiality. Those who are familiar with Bingham know that the lack of this quality is the chief defect in his erudite work. Whenever he is faced by the fact that the Church of Rome had retained a primitive usage which the Church of England had discarded, he invariably tampers with the evidence, usually by suppression, but sometimes by actual garbling; and thus a famous scholar was quite justified in saying that if one wanted to get at the whole truth on any question affecting the ancient Church, it was necessary to read both Bingham and Thomassinus, each of whom tells only half of it. Generally speaking, the new Dictionary is commendably free from this fault, but it is not quite absent. A salient example is in the very meagre and inadequate article on "Incense" from the pen of the Rev. W. E. Scudamore. His object is to prove the comparatively recent introduction of incense into Christian worship, and to that end he insists on the rigid and literal interpretation of all patristic references which exclude it, and the allegorisation of those which assert it. Thus, in order to explain away a passage of St. Ambrose, he assigns the meaning "to heap" to the verb *adolere*, not telling his readers that this is a mere conjectural suggestion of Faccioliati's, based on a wholly erroneous etymology and disproved by the very passages cited in illustration, and rejected by subsequent lexicons, including that of Dr. William Smith himself. And when he alleges that not only is incense absent from the Clementine Liturgy, but that no mention of it occurs in the *Apostolical Constitutions*, of which it is a part, he is confuted at once by the passage in II. 26 v.: "Let the widows and orphans be accounted by you like unto the altar, and let the virgins be honoured like the censer and the incense," words which have clearly no meaning in the context unless the articles referred to were in ecclesiastical use at the date of the passage,

which, bring down its era as we may, is still earlier than Mr. Scudamore will hear of. And, what is more serious, he keeps back from the reader one fact which at once subverts the date he assigns. This is that every ancient liturgy, save the isolated Clementine, prescribes the use of incense; while the divergence of the several norms, and the splitting up of Eastern Christendom into hostile and rival bodies, which would not borrow from each other, goes back to the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, in 431-451. A point on which all agree must, therefore, be earlier than the former of these dates, and must have owed its universal prevalence to some very strong motive, or some very ancient tradition, more powerful than the local reasons which made the Roman and African Churches disuse incense. Further, Mr. Scudamore gives almost no information whatever as to the mode in which incense was used, even at the date when he acknowledges its employment, and the reader cannot gather from him whether censuring was restricted to one rite or common to several. There are not many articles so disingenuous as this one, which will need severe revision in any fresh issue. Where no controversial bias affects Mr. Scudamore, his articles are very good indeed, but he is not to be relied on otherwise. Here and there mistakes of some seriousness occur, as in Mr. Venables' article on "Elevation of the Host," where he directly implies that the exclamation, "Holy things for holy persons," at which the elevation takes place in the Oriental liturgies, occurs *before* the consecration. It is invariably *after* it, though he is right in that it precedes the fraction. And when telling us, correctly enough, that the original intention of this act was not to expose the Host for adoration, Mr. Venables entirely omits to say what it was, though the word *anaphora* might have helped him. It comes by direct descent from the Paschal ritual of the Jews, in which the cup and a cake of bread, as also the bone of meat which now symbolises the Lamb, are even still elevated. The real notion is that of the "heave-offering," or symbolical lifting the gifts towards Heaven as an oblation.

Communitio (which does not occur in its proper order) is an example of undue compression of treatment. The question of the liturgical commixture of both Eucharistic species is a somewhat intricate and difficult one, and needs to be treated by the comparative process, especially from the Gallican and Mozarabic rites. The word *Intinctio*, the complement of this, does not occur at all. As against defects of this sort, which are pointed out solely that they may be made good as soon as possible, there are to be set considerable merits in particular articles. Among the very best may be cited Mr. Haddan's on "Bishop" and "Council," Mr. Venables' compendious accounts of the Catacombs and of Frescoes, Mr. E. S. Ffoulkes' historical analysis of the Councils of Chalcedon and Ephesus, Mr. R. St. John Tyrwhitt's on "Crucifix," Professor Babington's on "Gems," and Mr. Scudamore's on the Liturgical Gospel. The woodcuts are numerous and very good, so that after all necessary deductions, almost inevitable in criticising the first edition of a book

extending over such a wide and complex subject, the editors merit thanks and congratulations for the execution, so far, of a book whose accomplishment will materially lighten the toils of future scholars in a field of study which is daily becoming more interesting and important.

RICHARD F. LITLEDALE.

Voltaire et la Société Française au XVIII. Siècle. (Voltaire et Genève.) Par Gustave Desnoiresterres. (Paris: Didier & Cie., 1875.)

THE seventh volume of M. Gustave Desnoiresterres' long-sustained work on *Voltaire et la Société Française au XVIII. Siècle* is occupied mainly with the history of a now all but forgotten struggle which began in 1763 among the inhabitants of Geneva. Although at the time this struggle assumed proportions which threatened the very existence of the republic, and which brought upon it the danger and annoyance of foreign intervention, it is now remembered only because it attracted the attention, and even the active participation, of the celebrated genius who lived without the gates of the little city.

The rigorous laws of Calvin had long become burdensome to a large proportion of the citizens of Geneva, and those entrusted with their execution showed no inclination to relax their severity. Supported by a large body of public opinion, they persisted in administering the code in a spirit little in accordance with that of the age in which they lived. The burning of *Emile* and the banishment of Rousseau were acts the extremity of which was condemned by many even of the strictest sort, but they became at once the subject of angry partisanship among those who desired for themselves some measure of freedom and toleration. Even if Voltaire had had the wish, it was not in his power to remain a passive spectator of a contest which involved principles in the defence of which he had repeatedly risked his fortune and his peace. It was known to all that he disapproved the condemnation of *Emile*, not, indeed, as M. Desnoiresterres remarks, out of love for Rousseau, but because one should burn neither men nor books. An appeal was at once made to him by the party which considered itself oppressed, and it is evident that his countenance was thought to bring substantial support to the side which he approved. From the first he endeavoured to play the part of a mediator, urging on either side the necessity of mutual concessions, but he soon found the task of conciliation more difficult than he had either hoped or believed. When the quarrel between the magistracy and the citizens had already risen to such a height that the French Government thought it necessary to interfere, armed with a project of pacification, a further and even more serious complication made itself felt. Geneva possessed a race of helots whom she denominated natives. A foreigner settling in Geneva did not obtain the rights of citizenship, nor were these conferred upon his descendants. His children and his children's children might live, labour, and die in the city of their adoption, but their position in the

republic remained unchanged and unchangeable. They were natives only, and to oppress and oppress the natives was one of the privileges of a free citizen. By degrees, however, the despised class had become formidable in virtue of their numbers and their industry. The manufacture of watches, a principal source of wealth to the town, was to a great extent in their hands, but the ruling powers showed no disposition to remit any of the disabilities under which they laboured. The spirit of dissatisfaction and the animosity which had been fostered by long continued injustice only awaited an opportunity to show itself with effect. Such an opportunity was afforded by the arrival at Geneva of M. de Beauteville, the envoy to whom the French Government had entrusted the conduct of affairs. The natives, inspirited by seeing the countenance afforded to the malcontent citizens in their efforts to shake off the yoke, determined to assert themselves, and appealed in their turn to France. Subdued all but effectually by years of oppression, these unfortunates had lost the courage of open remonstrance, and they only dared to venture their first awkward attempts to obtain a hearing for their grievances when they, too, felt assured of the sympathy and assistance of M. de Voltaire.

The step taken by the natives met with but little encouragement from the French envoy, and as soon as it became known in Geneva the indignation of the citizens was intense. The malcontents were especially vehement in their anger at the audacity of the despised natives. They had no wish to confer on others a measure of that liberty which they desired for themselves. Voltaire's efforts at conciliation had been all along regarded with distrust by the magistracy, who were well aware that at heart he sympathised with the cause of the malcontents; while the malcontents on their side looked on his counsels with suspicion because he openly maintained terms of friendly intimacy with many members of the governing body. When it now became known that he had actually abetted the conspiracy of the natives, the whole body of citizens united in indignation as against a common enemy. The pastors of the Church were eager in denunciation. As Francis I. had occasion to observe, "la faculté de théologie a l'habitude de calomnier," and the ministers of Geneva saw in Voltaire the sworn enemy of all religion and morals. But the strength of numbers and the force of angry fanaticism spent itself in vain when matched with the subtle shifts and Protean tactics of the experienced gladiator, and their fruitless zeal is now remembered only because Voltaire himself chose to chronicle their exploits in a burlesque poem entitled "La Guerre Civile de Genève." To the task of identifying the for the most part obscure personages who figure in these verses, M. Desnoiresterres has applied himself with all but complete success. M^{me}. Oudrille alone remains a baffling subject of conjecture. By her example and advice the comic war terminates to the general satisfaction of the combatants; the actual struggle came to no such happy conclusion. The more enterprising of the natives, driven to despair by

the attitude of the council, left the city in large numbers. Some, trusting to the offers of the French Government, attempted to establish themselves at Versoix, where the Duc de Choiseul had thought of setting up a rival Geneva. Others, and among these were some of the best workmen in the town, were fortunate enough to find shelter at Ferney. Voltaire built houses for the exiles, and by his active and untiring exertions secured a market for the products of their industry.

In previous notices which have appeared in these pages of earlier volumes of M. Desnoiresterres' work ample justice has been done to the laborious zeal, the method and the love of accuracy, which he has displayed. As a picture of the events and circumstances of Voltaire's life, M. Desnoiresterres' history stands unrivalled in fullness and completeness. But each succeeding volume seems to show that the author scarcely takes a catholic view of the man as complete and perfect of his kind. He lets himself be drawn into little regrets about this and that—points of conduct in which Voltaire shows characteristics essential to his type. For example, in speaking of the enthusiastic welcome which he accorded to Jacob Vernet, "Tels sont les débuts avec Voltaire" comes from M. Desnoiresterres with the air of a sarcasm. It was, indeed, always so with Voltaire. He was always ready to give men credit for the virtues which they seemed to possess. He had the generous credulity of a highly sanguine disposition, the slightest indications were sufficient to make him believe in the existence of worthy qualities, and he welcomed their promise with all the enthusiasm of a passionate nature. Repeated experience alone could convince him that men were not that which he desired and believed them to be. And again, to take a second instance, the comments of M. Desnoiresterres on the sham illness by which Voltaire forced from the hands of a reluctant *curé* the administration of the last sacraments pass beside the point of the proceeding. It was a gigantic farce, an indecent farce even, but it was not unbecoming Voltaire. The laugh which Voltaire inherits from Rabelais jars, perhaps, on M. Desnoiresterres' ears. The excitement of boisterous merriment, it is true, may carry the man on whom it seizes beyond the bounds set for common safety and convenience, but he has life on his side and the sympathy of full-blooded human nature. It was not religious prejudice alone that deterred the *savans* of Geneva from responding without reserve to the hearty advances made to them by Voltaire. "La nature même vicieuse a la lumière pour elle et la joie de la vie;" but "Tout savant est un peu cadavre." It was incomprehensible to these learned and excellent men that one who had real knowledge should remain, as Voltaire did, pre-eminently human. It was offensive to their sense of fitness to see one who should have limped, burdened by the weight of acquirement, moving with freedom and animated by the joy of life. E. F. S. PATTISON.

Kashmir and Kashghar. By H. W. Bellew, C.S.I., Surgeon-Major Bengal Staff Corps. (London: Trübner & Co., 1875.)

THE author of this work, already creditably known by his account of General Luminden's mission to Kandahar in the perilous days of 1857, and by other writings connected with Afghanistan, was attached to the mission under Mr. Forsyth accredited by the Indian Government in 1873 to the Atalik Ghazi, or, as he is now styled, Amir Yakub Khan, of Kashghar. This prince, formerly an officer in the service of the Khan of Khokand, had carved out a kingdom for himself on the ruins of a former Chinese dependency, and the mission was sent at his special request. Dr. Bellew was quite justified in publishing a "plain account of the journey and experiences of the Embassy" in regions which have been visited by so few travellers, and always under circumstances unfavourable to observation. The late Embassy, however, seems also to have been subjected to increasing *espionnage* and attempts to deceive—a state of things which might perhaps have been checked at the outset by a little more self-assertion. Although, therefore, Dr. Bellew made diligent use of both eyes and ears, the information derived through the latter channel, at least, may sometimes be open to question.

It would be unfair to insist too much on literary defects in a work written, as we are told, amid the distractions of a well-earned holiday, but most of them might have been avoided with a little care, and they are to be regretted as detracting from the pleasure of reading a work of this kind.

The first chapter contains a *résumé* of historical events affecting Kashghar, and with this it might have been better to combine various historical digressions introduced subsequently, which interrupt the narrative and entail a good deal of repetition. The author's style, though occasionally somewhat involved and obscure, is free from affectation, but his spelling of Eastern words is altogether eccentric, for he neither follows any authorised system, nor the usual, if inaccurate, forms of familiar words. The work is entitled *Kashmir and Kashghar*, but space will not permit us to linger in the "Happy Valley"—happy, apparently, to any one rather than to its own inhabitants. The hundreds of summer tourists who frequent the country ought, it might be supposed, to bring wealth and prosperity, but the fact seems to be rather the reverse, for these, not seeing or caring to look below the surface of things, forget that all the conveniences placed at their disposal by the Government are apt to imply a proportionate inconvenience and loss to the people. The mission was received with all honour by the Maharaja who, ably seconded by Mr. Johnson, the governor of his Tibetan province of Ladakh, had made all possible provision for the comfort and safety of the party as far as the Kashghar frontier. Not only were stores laid down in advance at the different stages, but baggage animals and coolies were provided, so as to spare those belonging to the expedition, and allow them to start fresh after leaving the Maha-

raja's territory. Dr. Bellew's descriptions of scenery are careful and (no doubt) accurate, rather than vivid or picturesque. He hardly has the art, always a rare one, of presenting a landscape to the mind's eye; a few sketches, therefore, or even photographs of scenery—some of the grandest in the world—would have added interest to this part of the work. The absence of a map is also to be regretted.

The road after leaving Srinagar lies at first through a pleasantly cultivated and prosperous district, with mountain streams spanned by every variety of bridge, from those with piers of latticed piles or loose boulders, with fir stems laid across, to the simple rope and basket. But it soon crosses into Tibet, exchanging

"the varied and picturesque scenery of limestones and sandstones, with their always pleasing landscapes of woodland and pasture," for "the dreary wastes and wilds of schists and shales, of granite and gneiss rocks, with their interminable monotony of desolation, only varied by repetition of inhospitable glacier."

At the same time the "Aryan" face begins to give place to the Tatar, and polygamy and Islam to polyandry and Buddhism. Small parties of coolies were met carrying bundles of tea from Lhassa to Srinagar, and large quantities of soda are also imported to improve the colour and draw out the flavour—as is done nearer home. We should have liked to know how this tea can compete, in the Kashmir market, with that grown on our own slopes of the Himalayas. No doubt the flavour is quite different. In Kashghar the party found excellent Russian tea, but costing from sixteen to eighteen shillings per lb. The Indian teas had also begun to find a market there, but the Amir, to whom some loads of it were presented by the Envoy, liked it so little that he gave this all away to his servants. In one monastery which the mission visited they were "cordially welcomed by very jovial-looking priests" with "shaven crowns and rotund figures, and heavy sensual expression of features," calling up visions of monks elsewhere. In another they found

"the prayer-wheel meeting us at every turn. Here we found it spinning on the hand of a sedate Lama, squatted solemn and silent in some solitary corner. Further on it was revolving under a jet of water, and elsewhere it was fixed in niches of the walls for the passer-by to turn as he went past, or it was stuck on some pinnacle for its wings to catch the moving breeze, and record so many more prayers of praise to the Almighty."

The monks and nuns are everywhere supported by the people, and free from all cares, and in truth monastic life in such a climate, and without intellectual or artistic resources, must be unprofitable enough. But our author, after describing their degraded condition, goes on to propound a somewhat startling theory. He says (p. 118):—

"This institution of the priesthood, however, coupled with that of polyandry which obtains among this people, is not without its benefits, and perhaps under the existing conditions owes its endurance to its adaptation to the requirements of the country; and the two together are probably the form of polity best suited to the existence of the population as a peaceable, well-ordered, and industrious community. . . . Otherwise it is not easy to account for the failure of the crescentade from Yarkand in the sixteenth century, nor for

the cessation of the Mahomedan conquerors of Kashmir in their career of victory and conversion at the frontier of the country. Their polygamous institutions and more expansive polity, if forced upon the country, must have produced a hard struggle for bare existence, and endless forms of internal violence and disorder would have come into operation to keep down life to a supportable limit."

That is to say, prosperity and good order are maintained, in this exceptional country, by a repulsive social practice, and a stagnant religion! The situations of the villages and monasteries piled up on lofty peaks, and their architecture, recalled to the author the Buddhist ruins in Yusufzai of which he has been so diligent an explorer.

The distressing symptoms caused by the great elevation—for several passes were crossed at a height of from 14,000 to 18,000 feet—were alleviated by the use of chlorate of potash. It is stated that

"the large amount of oxygen contained in the salt probably supplies in the blood what in these regions it fails to derive from the air, and thus restores through the stomach what the lungs lose."

Is there any reason to suppose that the traditional garlic of oriental caravans acts in this way?

The names of localities afford a dismal tribute to the nature of the climate. *Daulat Beg uldi* (the Lord of the State died); *Kulun uldi* (the Wild Horse died); *Rahman uldi*, &c. This "Lord of the State" was the Sultan Said, leader of the Yarkand invasion of Tibet in 1531. The place where he died acquired, on the return journey, a melancholy personal interest for the party by the death, in the vicinity, of their friend and colleague Dr. Stoliczka, the distinguished naturalist of the expedition. In some respects the route is less dangerous in winter than in summer, as the avalanches of melting snow, rocks, and mud are less frequent, but in winter the cattle often suffer from want of water, their instincts not readily leading them to munch the snow, as the yaks do. These curious animals are often employed to pioneer a route over a snow-covered glacier. Ten or twelve of them are "driven forward, and when urged up the side of the glacier crowd together for a consultation on its edge, and after a good deal of grunting one of them takes the lead, the others following in single file. The leader, with his nose down on the snow, sniffs and grunts his way cautiously, and when tired falls back for the next in line to take up the lead, and so on till land is reached on the other side. The Bhots follow in the track of their brutes, and erect little pillars of snow here and there along the route, by way of guide in case of mists or snow obscuring the track." (P. 158.)

But the carcasses and skeletons of horse, ass, and yak, heaped up sometimes in hundreds, tell their own tale of the difficulties of the road.

The author gives a lively description of the dangers and difficulties of the Pass of Sanju, the highest and last of those crossed before descending into the plains of Eastern Turkestan. They will re-assure the most timid as to our safety from invasion on that side of India. No attempt, indeed, has been made since 1531, when Sultan Said led a force of 5,000 men from Yarkand against the "infidels" of Tibet. These, indeed,

forced their way through to Kashmir, and wintered there, but among a friendly and not a hostile people.

As regards trade, also, it is clear that, even if every political difficulty were removed, the natural impediments must prevent any great development, though possibly an easier route through Tibet may be found further east. Meanwhile it is on every account satisfactory to know that the trade between India and these regions is improving, though its value in 1873 was only 60,000*l*.

The territory of Kashghar or Eastern Turkestan is a vast barren plain, sandy and saline, and ill-supplied with water; its scattered oases maintaining each an isolated community which, though ordinarily forming with the rest a single state, has been used, in unsettled times, to "fight for its own hand."

Kashghar, the most important of these, owes its prosperity, as our author thinks, to its position on the main line of trade between China and Europe. But according to Colonel Yule's account this trade, throughout the Middle Ages, followed the northern route, through Ili. The population, now only one and a half millions, was certainly much greater in former days. More use may have been made of the available water-supply to extend the cultivable area and keep back the encroaching sand-waves, of whose destructive power Dr. Bellew quotes from the *Tarikhi Rashidi* a terrible instance (p. 370).

Even under the Chinese rule the population was greater, but this was owing to mining and other industries which may revive under the present stern but orderly régime. Of the latter Dr. Bellew has not a high opinion, and considers its chief but an ordinary Asiatic tyrant. We do not think that the balance of evidence or of opinion bears out this view. The Amir has within ten years not only welded into a single state the various scattered dependencies where all was anarchy and confusion after the revolt from China, but has also reduced to obedience the surrounding tribes of nomads, whom the Chinese, as Captain Trotter points out, were content to hold in check by a system of frontier forts. According to this officer the inhabitants of the border districts, if not the peasantry generally, distinctly prefer the new rule. No doubt it has been established with an iron hand—*on ne fait pas une omelette sans casser des œufs*—and time also is needed to develop its advantages. At first there must be many aggrieved and discontented. The Mahomedan yoke, too, is probably galling to those accustomed to a laxer system. Dr. Bellew, perhaps, even underrates this source of offence, for we doubt whether Islam was ever as deeply rooted among the people as he supposes. It is true it was imposed on them in the eleventh century, but even in Bokhara it had not taken complete hold in the rural districts for a century later than this, nor was it firmly rooted in Eastern Turkestan before the fifteenth century. When, therefore, we remember the long continuance of the more liberal system of Chengiz, and the Dzungar and Chinese supremacy of the last two centuries, the period of strictly Mahomedan rule is comparatively short.

We have not space to follow Dr. Bellew

through his historical sketch, or we might ask where he discovered (p. 18) that the "false prophet" Mokanna propagated the Shiah heresy. Hardly even in *Lalla Rookh*, we should think!

We can only allude to many points of interest in the work. The frank and half "European" ways and appearance of the people, the hospitable but oppressive institution of the dasturkhwan, the intercourse with the Amir and his lieutenants, are all well and pleasantly described. The existence, in the eastern deserts, of the wild camel, seems rapidly becoming less mythical, though Mr. Shaw, and we believe Sir H. Rawlinson, have hitherto been sceptical. The glacier was seen which, by its damming up the valley of the Shayok, and its subsequent disruption, is said to have caused the disasters on the Indus, near Attock, in 1841. But very competent authorities have long doubted the connexion. The true cause of the cataclysm appears to have been a landslide that dammed up the Indus near Gilgit.* Into the results of the mission Dr. Bellew does not enter. In some respects these were less than was expected; although, for instance, some excellent work was done, under conditions of great difficulty, by the survey department, yet the ground they were allowed to traverse, and the consequent geographical results, were much less than was hoped for. It is probable that the Amir felt, even if he was not directly informed, that we should not support him actively against Russian aggression, and the news of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh is said further to have confused his mind—and not unnaturally—as to our intentions. Accordingly, while receiving the mission with much courtesy and hospitality, he was by no means disposed to treat them with proportionate confidence. But to pursue this subject would be beyond the scope of the present paper. COUTTS TROTTER.

English History for the Use of Public Schools.
By the Rev. J. Franck Bright, M.A. Period I. Mediaeval Monarchy. (London: Rivingtons, 1875.)

AMID the numerous crude and hastily compiled historical manuals that the press is now pouring forth, it is a relief to meet with a piece of sterling, careful work like this first instalment of Mr. Bright's *English History*. The merits of the volume are not of a striking character, for it offers little more than a full and accurate outline of events, but a careful examination of its pages can hardly fail to suggest that it has cost the compiler a great deal of trouble, and is likely, in consequence, to save both teacher and learner a proportionate amount. For the use for which it is especially designed,—that of a text book in our public schools—it is excellently adapted; though as a general introduction to the study of the period, for the unassisted student, it hardly deserves the same praise. Mr. Bright's highly condensed narrative, combined with his anxiety to pass by nothing that may be looked upon as of primary importance, the absence of any attempt

at attractiveness of style, and a very sparing use of the adjective, make the volume rather hard reading. In the extreme brevity of his allusions there is sometimes, indeed, a danger lest an important point should altogether escape notice. He observes, for instance, when speaking of the struggle between the heathen Penda and the Northumbrian dynasty (p. 4), that "it seemed as though Irish Christianity, and not Roman, would then be the religion of England." But not a word is added to explain the differences between Celtic and Latin Christianity, or to point out their contending influences on culture and education. The heading of the paragraph, again, is given as "Conversion of the English, 597," while the text hardly brings out with sufficient clearness the fact that the work of conversion really occupied nearly a century before it embraced all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy, each of which derived its evangelisation from a separate source. In speaking of "the selfish character of the government of the Popes at Avignon" (p. 238), this is the only hint he affords of the manner in which the English national spirit was roused at the spectacle of the Head of the Church becoming a mere tool in the hands of the French monarch and subservient in every respect to the French policy, and the way in which this worked to bring about the great international war. When speaking of the disciples of Wickliffe (it is singular that while recommending the study of Professor Shirley's Introduction to the *Fasciculi Zizaniorum*, he should prefer thus to spell the name), he says (p. 267), "when, as was inevitable, social and political views were added to their religious doctrines, they became an object of dread not only to the Church, but also to the Government." This is, surely, a somewhat inadequate notice, and it is almost the only one we have been able to discover, of the great part played by Lollardism as a factor in the political history of the fifteenth century, when it became one of the main causes of the great struggle between Lancastrian and Yorkist.

Again, in a manual like this, it is of primary importance that the treatment should be clear, and, though this is generally the case, there are pages which would perhaps be improved by further revision. In treating of the feudal system, Mr. Bright says (p. 28):

"It used to be asserted that the feudal system was introduced, and completed as a wholly new system to the English, after the Conquest; and Hume speaks of the division of the kingdom into so many knights' fiefs, into so many baronies, as if there were complete reorganisation of the whole constitution. Modern inquiry tends to confirm what would naturally have been supposed, that the whole of the elements of the feudal system existed in England, as in other Teutonic countries, before the arrival of the Normans."

In the index the reference to this passage is, "Feudal system existed in England before the Conquest, 28;" which, of course, is precisely what Mr. Freeman and Professor Stubbs have been at some pains to explain was not the case. Mr. Bright himself (p. 33) speaks of the state of affairs prior to the Conquest as one of "incipient feudalism:" and he does not require to be reminded that, in the history of institutions, the difference

between the incipient and systematised stage is often an all-important one. When treating of feudalism, indeed, we are under the necessity of remembering that it was threefold in character: (1) as existing, in an elementary form, in England before the Conquest; (2) as existing in France, in a complete form,—the outcome of commendation and of the beneficiary system; (3) as introduced from the Continent, *minus* subinfeudation (of the evils of which the Conqueror had had convincing evidence) and the Frankish governmental organisation. We do not say that these distinctions may not be more or less inferred from Mr. Bright's pages, but he has scarcely stated them with the clearness and emphasis necessary for beginners; and it is only by carefully observing them that, as Hallam acutely observes, any discussion of "the feudal system" is prevented from degenerating into "a verbal dispute."

While noting these few defects, we are glad at the same time to recognise the real value of the volume, as embodying the most important results of recent research. Any student who will be at the pains to go carefully through the account of the contest between Henry II. and Thomas à Becket, for instance, or that of the career and political services of Simon de Montfort, will see that he has here, in very concise form, the view that corresponds to the main conclusions of Mr. Freeman's Essay, in the one case, and to those of Dr. Pauli and Mr. Blaauw, in the other. It is this painstaking work which makes the volume of real service to the master as well as the scholar; for in the present instance the former will rarely find it necessary, as when commenting on certain manuals not yet discarded, to correct the narrative before proceeding with the work of amplification. Mr. Bright will have at least informed the learner accurately, if not sufficiently, as to the main facts.

One merit is deserving of particular mention, namely, the care taken to interweave with the history a more systematic recognition of continental influences than is usually to be found in works of the same compass. In turning the pages we have noticed frequent reference to characters like Gregory VII., Frederic Barbarossa, Fulk IV. of Anjou, Robert de Belesme, the Emperor Otho, Guy of Lusignan, Tannegui Du Châtel, &c., for whose very names we may look in vain in manuals like the *Student's Hume* and others of similar pretensions.

The volume is rendered still more complete by the addition of a series of genealogies of the leading families of the period, among whom are the De Bohuns, Beauchamps, Mortimers, Nevilles, Fitz-Alans, Despencers, Lancasters, &c. The maps will also be found useful, those of the English Possessions in France at four different periods—1154, 1360, 1422, and 1453—especially. We have yet to mention a good list of authorities, in which, however, we would suggest that Dr. Guest's name is fairly entitled to a place, and that Milman's *Latin Christianity* deserves to be mentioned as supplying excellent illustrative matter. Why, too, in citing authorities for Norman history, does Mr. Bright refer us to William of Jumièges, "the perplexed and perplexing,"

* See Mr. Drew's recent work, *Jummoo and Kashmir*, pp. 416-17.

as Palgrave styles him, and leave unmentioned a greatly superior writer, William of Poitiers? J. BASS MULLINGER.

The Devil's Chain. By E. Jenkins, M.P. (London: Strahan & Co., 1876.)

PEOPLE who have seen Mr. Cruikshank's design called *The Bottle*, which is a large canvas containing hundreds of groups of drunkards, perhaps find it not very easy to understand how Mr. Matthew Arnold came to write a sonnet to the artist. *The Bottle* is scarcely a work of art; it has, indeed, a central interest, but that interest is a moral purpose, and no one can say that the picture of the crowds of boozy and bulbous figures is one that gives pleasure to the spectator.

"Say, what shall calm us when such guests intrude
Like comets on the heavenly solitude?"

asks the poet, and the reviewer may be allowed to say that Mr. Jenkins' story, *The Devil's Chain*, on which he has no intention of writing a sonnet, is more a moral comet of *The Bottle* sort than a work of art. Indeed, Mr. Jenkins admits that he has not tried to write a pleasing work of fiction. His aim is "to exhibit in rude, stern, truthful outlines the full features of the abuses he would humbly help to remove." The abuses are those that spring from the traffic of drink. Mr. Jenkins finds "men dining comfortably and voting steadily in utter disregard of their fell, disastrous, and diabolical effects." He "cannot acquit himself of having too long done the like." One hopes that Mr. Jenkins will continue to vote with his wonted steadiness; it would not, however, be easy for a sensitive person to dine comfortably immediately after reading his *Devil's Chain*.

The Devil's Chain is a tissue of horrors. The first link shows us a woman of bad character, and of about forty-four years of age, entertaining a Secretary of State, and a young gentleman who had left Balliol at the age of nineteen, after a distinguished career, with brandy, sherry, and champagne. This is bad enough. But the Secretary had scarcely time to tell his precocious friend that their hostess was a Mrs. Hurlingham, sister of their acquaintance Captain Conistoun, when she leaped out of the window, and fell dead at the feet of her husband who was staggering past in the last stage of drunkenness but one. On beholding this spectacle Miss Lucy Merton, a virtuous *grisette*, fainted, and was entertained by a young man, a total stranger, with the refreshment of hot brandy and water. An unpleasant episode follows, about which we shall merely say that the Christian name of the total stranger is singularly ill-chosen. Meantime the Secretary of State had wrapped himself up in a large cloak, which he wore for purposes of disguise when pursuing his nefarious pleasures, and had retired with the Balliol man from the disastrous scene. Mr. Jenkins may have borrowed the cloak from *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, Act iv. scene 6: "Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised."

A coroner's inquest was held on the dead woman, and Mr. Jenkins points out, with very great force and truth, the wretched results of the unseemly habit of holding coroners' inquests in public houses. At the

inquest the drunken husband is brought forward, and a letter is read which had been addressed to him by his deceased wife. Why did she call him Henry, when his name was Lucius? Why did Mrs. Merton (p. 167) call her husband John, when his name (p. 155) was William? Or do people change their names when they take to drink—Joseph Cray becoming John Cray in part of the narrative—as they do when they enter religion? But Mr. Jenkins has not aimed at artistic results. The coroner elicits the facts that Lucius, or Henry, Hurlingham was a man of family and wealth, that his wife took to brandy and other sins, that he had followed her example till he sank with a life of gin-drinking, and that the pair had a daughter whose education was conducted at the expense of Mrs. Hurlingham. Business being over, the coroner, described as a gentleman, goes and gets drunk with *un nommé* Bugby, described as a newspaper reporter and leader-writer. Do coroners get drunk? Do journalists of standing attend coroners' inquests? Do reporters of inquests write leaders?

Let us next follow the fortunes of the Balliol man. He was the son of a rich Scotch distiller named Bighorne; he had done well at Eton, which he must have left at about fifteen, and at the university, but "in three fatal years" this promising boy was morally ruined by "constant visits to the tasting-room" in his father's distillery. Bighorne père had sent him into the business, where he grew too fond of the paternal gin, as confectioners' apprentices do of pastry. Henry Bighorne's sister is a study of the brighter side of life.

"The oval, sweet, yet firmly featured face, with that noble wealth of original hair wreathed up in plaits and curls upon the symmetrical head in Grecian fashion—the slightly aquiline nose, exquisite mouth and chin, the skin mantled with a complexion purely and gloriously English—all this made Miss Emily Bighorne (bother her patronymic, and may she soon exchange it for a better) a subject of admiration which could well endure the rivalry of the artists who had showered their works upon the home of the wealthy distiller of British brandy and gin."

This heroine had a very natural hatred of her father's business, for, as she worked among the poor in Westminster, she knew that the paths of gin-making lay hold upon hell. But she could not even rescue her brother, who, borrowing some money from her, fled away and hid himself, for fear of compromising the reputation of the Secretary of State, and so bringing down the Government of the hour. The place where he fled to was the hut of a drunken prize-fighting scoundrel, employed in iron-works near Burslem. This man, Bill Knowsley, got drunk on the money given him by Bighorne, kicked his wife to death, and killed all his six children. In this scene Mr. Jenkins has painted with great power a kind of event which is perfectly familiar to all of us from report, and which probably has never been common in any savagery or in any civilisation except that of happy England.

To be brief, Henry Bighorne dies of fever and exposure in the house of a curate; the daughter of the Hurlinghams runs away, heaven knows why, with a drunken sot of a middle-aged parson, and we last see her

in a music-hall; a few other characters here and there, including the drunken clergyman and a dissenting tradesman, die of drink; and the Secretary of State, his disguise not availing him, leaves England in a ship most of whose crew are intoxicated, and is lost in a fire at sea, being last seen in the act of throwing his famous cloak over a half-naked girl. Perhaps we should be grateful to any writer who keeps before our eyes the condition of our civilisation. Perhaps the sermon against taking alcohol in moments of exhaustion cannot too often be preached. It may even be allowed that fiction is a good medium for morality. But one fails to see how the heaping up of so many thick-coming horrors in one small volume can awaken any useful feeling. This is the weak point of all stories with a purpose. In novels dated about 1786 we know that the virtuous peasant will suffer in one day all the woes that are spread over the whole history of the *villain*. And in temperance-tales we look for the horrors of a year crushed into a few weeks, and we are not disappointed. Mr. Jenkins does not attempt to "prescribe the purge" for the evils he catalogues, and it is not likely that his book will arouse any one to the sense of these evils who was not alive to them before. It is a shameful thing that the trade in liquor should be "forced" by advertisements and by public houses started by distillers; it is a wretched thing that society should be based on forms of labour which disfigure the body, and that the labourer should find his only consolation, amusement, and culture in the pot-house. If Mr. Jenkins' book could hasten by one hour the time when society shall have a new conscience and a new aim—possibly a new organisation—one might excuse its manifold sins against taste and probability.

As things are, we wish him every success in the object of his crusade, *et un peu plus de goût*.

A. LIANG.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Reduction of Continental Armies, by Dr. A. Fischhoff, of Vienna. Translated, with a preface and appendix, by Humphrey W. Freeland, late M.P. for Chichester. (Ridgway.) A proposal for general disarmament would come more naturally from Vienna than from Berlin, Paris, or St. Petersburg at any ordinary time. Austria has much to fear and little to hope from a great continental struggle. She can hardly expect to win more Germans to her rule under any circumstances, and indeed has at present more than she well knows what to do with of that element among her mixed people. It would be a combination of political circumstances altogether beyond our vision at present that would allow her to enlarge her Polish territory at the expense of Russia; and indeed Galicia is already sufficiently difficult to deal with. But there is one direction in which she has been promised by the march of events compensation for her losses in Germany and Italy, the south-eastern portion of Europe. And it reads like a bitter satire rather than a piece of sound reasoning, when we find a suggestion for disarmament from the press laid in its translated form on our table side by side with the telegrams which announce that Count Andrassy's plan of intervention in the Turkish troubles is being accepted at St. Petersburg. It is true that Dr. Fischhoff wrote in September. But even then such an intervention was thought more than probable; and Servia had at

that very time to be coerced into quietude by the force of those armaments Dr. Fischhoff would have his countrymen take the lead in diminishing. Yet it is probable, as an interesting matter of statistics, that there will be always a certain proportion of closet theorists who dream they have just discovered a panacea for earth's chiefest ills. The worthy Austrian pamphleteer is one of these. His proposal is a European Parliament, or rather Peace Congress, popularly accredited. He wisely avoids the difficulty of electing any such body so as to be really representative, by leaving it out of sight altogether; and so starts his institution as self-appointed apparently, and certainly ready-made. "This revolution would be one of the great tasks," he adds, "the popular representatives would have to take upon themselves whenever, unfettered by the restrictions of individual Parliaments, they met together for cosmopolitan action." Others would probably be—we must guess at them as they are not mentioned—to settle the future proprietorship of Alsace-Lorraine, the partition of Schleswig, and perhaps the exact relationship of Catholic Bavaria to the Protestant Germany which is absorbing her. These are but specimens of the work cut out for this universal House of Legislature; but there are trifling subjects on the Danube and in European Turkey which it would take a good deal of talking about before all were agreed on them. And what if they should not agree? Dr. Fischhoff does not attempt to answer that question, but neither does he put it; a system of reasoning which makes his end remarkably easy of attainment. Everyone agrees that war in the abstract is bad and expensive. Therefore "the popular representatives" would not only propose reduction of armaments, and a treaty forbidding all improvements in weapons, but the Diet (such they grow to be in a sentence or two) "might be converted into a delegation of the European legislative bodies." It is to be feared that even then, in the present moral state of man, agreement would be hard to find. Indeed, the task of stopping the Atlantic with Mrs. Partington's mop appears almost as hopeful as that of quieting modern nationalities by figures of speech and praises of peace. Dr. Fischhoff's style is as cumbrous and involved as that of most Austrian pamphleteers. His translator has kindly strengthened the argument with a long preface of his own, headed by a number of quotations.

The History of Landholding in England. By Joseph Fisher. (Longmans.) Mr. Fisher's learning is curiously antiquated and inaccurate. He has evidently not read the chapter in the *Germania* of Tacitus on the Suiones; and is quite ignorant that the best modern authorities regard the word *feodum*, which is not found earlier than the ninth century, as cognate with the Gothic *faihu*, the Old High German *fiu*, the Old Saxon *fehu*, and the modern German *vieh*. He appears even unaware that the term Teutonic is commonly used as comprehending the Scandinavian nations. Speaking of the statutes 1 Edw. III. caps. 12 and 13, he says that Edward, "in view of his intended invasion of France, secured the adhesion of the landowners by giving them power to alienate their estates." Edward III. was then a minor, and the first act of the Council of Regency was to conclude a treaty with France. Mr. Fisher speaks of "the *Paston Memoirs*, written by Margaret Paston," as though the Paston letters were all written by Margaret Paston. He is at variance with the English chronicle, as well as with modern historians, about the famous Council at Salisbury, at which all the landholders of substance in England, whose vassals soever they were, swore allegiance to the King and became his men. He speaks of the enclosures and evictions of the sixteenth century as if they had affected only or chiefly small holders by military service; and he has forgotten that the military tenants of the crown, who, according to him, ceased to render military service in the reign of Henry VII., followed Charles I. in 1640. On property in land Mr. Fisher observes

"Property—from *propria*, my own self—is something pertaining to a man. All that proceeds from myself, my thoughts, my writings, are property; but no man made land, and therefore it is not property." Mr. Fisher's pages, however, afford ample proof that his thoughts do not all proceed from himself. Some of them do, and his readers will do well to be cautious about appropriating the latter.

Strange Tales, from "Vanity Fair." By Silly Billy. ("Vanity Fair" Office.) The eight-and-twenty short narratives which compose the volume of *Strange Tales* are no more than variations on the original theme by George Alexander Stevens, beginning "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie," and closing with the account of the ball at which the Grand Panjandrum with the little button at top, and his friends, danced till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots. Once in a way, the revival of trifling of this kind may not unpleasantly serve to remind readers belonging to the waning generation of the original model, or to amuse those of the present one who do not know it, but it becomes wearisome after a third or fourth repetition, not to say a twenty-eighth. And besides, Mr. Lewis Carroll has spoiled us for any nonsense less humorous and fantastic than his own, and these *Strange Tales* could not have been palmed off successfully on Alice by the hatter, the March hare, or even by the mock turtle. One thing more. A rule, unknown to the heralds and genealogists of mediæval, and even of Stuart, England, has been introduced under the House of Brunswick in the bestowal of titles—namely, that a peerage or dignity which has ever been enjoyed by a prince of the blood shall not be subsequently conferred on a person of lower social rank; a rule which, had it prevailed formerly, would have excluded the titles of Bedford, Exeter, Derby, and Huntingdon from the roll of the present House of Lords. Now, the title of "Silly Billy" was the undoubted property of his late Royal Highness William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, and Earl of Connaught, who died without heirs in 1834. The dignity has therefore reverted to the Crown, and it savours of petty treason to trespass on the vested rights of the Royal family by assuming it without special patent.

Low-Life Deeps: an Account of the Fish to be found there. By James Greenwood. (Chatto & Windus.) Mr. Greenwood has made a further selection of his contributions to the daily press, and collected them into a volume of similar character to *The Wilds of London*. A few of the articles now appear for the first time, and the much-talked of "Man and Dog Fight" is here reprinted with some further particulars intended to convince the most incredulous. The word "London" does not appear upon the title-page, but the contents principally refer to the inhabitants of the great city; and some of the chapters contain information that will be new to most readers—such as the notice of the Italian colony of Leather Lane, the description of the "Bum-marees" of Billingsgate Market, and the statement of the London 'Busman's wrongs. The distinction between the honest and the "cadging" classes of the London poor is well brought out, and in the description of "A Queer Christmas Party" we see the need of circumspection when fishing in low-life deeps. Mr. Greenwood succeeds in bringing to the banquet a poor girl, who sells the handiwork of a dying father, and a crossing-sweeper, who thinks of the welfare of a poorer boy than himself; but his friend's contingent turns out a miserable failure owing to that gentleman's indiscriminating impulsiveness. This book contains some additional particulars of the wretched hovels that are called the houses of the poor. Every one who passes along Dudley Street can see that the cellars of St. Giles's still exist. They are inhabited by "translators" of old boots, and others, and it is not probable that the

poor occupants can afford to sleep elsewhere; yet the medical officer of health announces that "to his knowledge, not a single underground room in the district is now illegally occupied." Mr. Greenwood points out that "fathers, mothers, and little children live and eat and drink and make themselves at home" . . . "at a greater depth in the earth than the sewers, and the nests of the sewer-rats." Those who will visit our crowded alleys and tell us what they see there are much to be commended, for the enquiry is not always an easy one, as the notice found written up in one lodging-house expresses the opinion of the keepers of all—"Persons who don't lodge here are not welcome."

NOTES AND NEWS.

DR. SANDWITH, of Kars, contributes an article on "Servia" to the new number of the *British Quarterly Review*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND Co. are about to publish the life and complete works of Count Rumford, one of the most distinguished men of science that America has produced. The whole will be in five vols. 8vo., of which the life will form the first, while the other four will contain a complete collection of Count Rumford's many and valuable contributions to the literature of science and social economy.

MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON, the auctioneers, of Leicester Square, have just found a remarkable relic of the Protector, in an old volume written by J. H. Glauber, on Philosophical Furnaces. It contains a "Plan off Battell" drawn and signed O. Cromwell, showing the positions of "Myself," the "Maine Bodie," "Fairfaxe," the "Enemie," the "Enemie stronge," "Light Horses," "Bridge," "Passe," &c.; also an adjuration in his autograph, as follows:—

"O maye ye Lorde helpe me in mine pious undertakinge;
Bie ye Most highe, I will cvett you off roote and Branche."

It has also the autograph signature "O. Cromwell" in two places, one dated 1653, and the following curious manuscript note relating to J. H. Glauber, also in the autograph of the Protector:—

"Id sayde Glauber is an arrant Knave
I doo bethinke mee he speake the offe
Wonders whiche cannot be accomplished
Neuerthelesse itt ys lawfull for Man too vse endeavourers."

The volume will be put up to auction next month.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is lecturing at Edinburgh on Bishop Butler. The line which he adopts he has indicated in *God and the Bible*. "The greatness of Butler, as we hope one day to show, is in his clear perception and powerful use of a 'course of life marked out for man by nature, whatever that nature be.' His embarrassment and failure is in his attempt to establish a perception as clear, and a use as powerful, of the popular theology."

A FRENCH translation of Mr. Clements Markham's *Threshold of the Unknown Region*, by M. Henri Gaidoz, will appear this month.

WE hear of two additions to our long list of noble authors. The Marquis of Bute publishes, with Mr. Gardner, of Paisley, a little work on William Wallace; and Mr. Quaritch has in preparation an original play by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, entitled *Alfred the Great in Athelney*.

WE are glad to learn that the whole of Professor Jebb's work on the *Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isæos*, in two volumes 8vo., and not the first volume only, as inadvertently stated in our last number—will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan.

MR. MURRAY, missionary in China, is making use of Mr. Melville Bell's *Visible Speech* alphabet

for teaching Chinese to read their own language. He has lately sent Mr. Bell a couple of pages of Chinese printed in this character from moveable types, having a very light and neat appearance. The attempt is said to be very successful.

WE are informed that Mr. Oscar Browning, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has been engaged to write the articles on Julius Caesar and Carthage for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in the press, and will shortly publish under the title of *Shakespeare Scenes and Characters*, a fine series of German steel engravings from designs by distinguished German artists, illustrating many scenes and characters from the plays of Shakspeare. The letterpress has been prepared by Professor Dowden.

MESSRS. LONGMANS announce *The Life of Sir W. Fairbairn*, by W. Pole; *Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas*, by General Lefroy; *German Home Life*, reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*; *Notes on the Earlier Hebrew Scriptures*, by Sir G. Airy; *A Short History of Roman Classical Literature*, by W. W. Capes; *English Chess Problems*, by J. Pierce and W. T. Pierce; and *Food, its Adulterations and the Methods for their Detection*, by Dr. Hassall.

MR. W. ALEXANDER ABRAM has nearly ready a comprehensive history of the parish and town of Blackburn, a district with a population of more than 132,000. No detailed history of it has yet appeared, and Mr. Abram has been engaged for some years in collecting the materials for the present work. The plan is comprehensive, including church history, two hundred family notices, biographies of Ainsworth the Brownist, Bolton the Puritan, Hargreaves, Peel, and others, and the usual archaeological and topographical details.

DR. RICHARDSON has been for some time past engaged on a work on *The Diseases of Modern Life*, showing to what an extent they are due to causes arising from the occupations and habits of life, to overwork and over-indulgence, and how far they may be prevented by moderate carefulness. The volume is now ready, and will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

SOME friends and pupils of the late Dr. Ewald, author of the *History of the People of Israel*, have combined to erect a monument on his grave at Göttingen. An English committee has been formed to collect subscriptions among the numerous friends and admirers of the great Hebrew scholar and theologian in England. Subscriptions may be paid to Messrs. Williams and Norgate, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

MISS STOKES's edition of the late Earl of Dunraven's *Notes on Irish Architecture*—a splendid volume—has just been published by Messrs. Bell. It is illustrated throughout not only with admirable drawings of the editor's, but with autotypes from photographs which the late Earl, who travelled with a photographer all over Ireland, had himself procured. Such out-of-the-way and inaccessible places as the monastery of the Skelligs are now brought within the study of the antiquarian. To him this publication is simply invaluable, but even to those who desire a splendid illustrated book—far more to the many attached friends of the late Earl—his notes on Irish antiquities will be hailed with a hearty welcome. The principles of the author were those of the sober and scientific school of Dr. Petrie.

It is proposed to reprint two works closely connected with the history of shorthand. One of them is the first English stenography:

"*Characterie*. | An Arte | of shorte, swift and secrete writing | by character. | Invented by Timothee | Bright, Doctor of Phisicke. . . | Imprinted at London | by I. Windet, the Assignee of Tim. Bright. | 1588. | Cum privilegio Regie maiestatis. | Forbidding all other to print | the same."

Bright was present in Paris during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and escaped death by taking

refuge at the British ambassador's. He afterwards became rector of Methley, near Wakefield. In the preface, after referring to Cicero's invention, "increased afterwards by Seneca that the number of characters gave 7,000," he claims that his own short method could be learned in one month, "and by continuance of another month" great readiness might be attained. It is a cumbrous system of arbitrary characters, independent of alphabetical principle.

The other work, which it is intended to reprint with Bright's *Characterie*, was printed two years later:—

The Writing Schoolemaster: Containing three Bookes in one; The first, teaching Swift writing; The second, true writing; The third, Faire writing. The first Booke Entituled; The Arte Of Brachygraphie: that is, to write as fast as a man speaketh treatably, writing but one letter for a word: Verie commodious for the general increase and furtherance of learning in all estates and degrees: the knowledge whereof may easilie be attained by one moneths studie, and the performance by one moneths practise. The prooffe already made by diuers scholars therein. . . . Invented by Peter Bales. 1 Janu. 1590. . . . Imprinted at London, &c."

Peter Bales was a notable man in his day. He is stated to have presented Queen Elizabeth with a gold ring, in which was a crystal covering a tiny piece of paper, "the compass of a Latine penny," containing the Lord's prayer, the creed, ten commandments, prayer to God, prayer for the Queen, his "posy," his name, and the date of the month, year, and reign. He also came off victorious in a contest with another calligrapher for a gold pen valued at 20*l*. The reprint will be accompanied by an introduction, and a bibliography of shorthand.

Now that the success of the English Dialect Society is fairly established, the work well forward, and some part of the publications for 1876 already at press, Mr. Skeat, who has acted as director and honorary secretary for three years, has resigned his post, being unable to continue to serve in addition to his other engagements. Any member of the Society who is willing to undertake the duties is requested to apply to him at once, in order to facilitate the arrangements for the present year.

UNDER the title "Un Giornalista Originale," the *Voce Libera* quotes from the *Vaterland* the statement that the kingdom of Birmah is at last to have a journal; the King himself is to be the chief *rédauteur* and proprietor, and our royal colleague threatens with the penalty of death all his subjects who will not subscribe to his paper. The Birman journal is sure of having a large circulation.

WITH the kind consent of the Manchester Literary Club, arrangements have been made by which every subscriber to the English Dialect Society for 1875 will receive a copy (small paper) of Messrs. Nodal and Milner's *Glossary of the Lancashire Dialect*, Part I. (A-E). The subscriptions to the English Dialect Society for 1876 are now due, and the few members who have not yet paid for 1875 are respectfully solicited to pay their arrears soon. The books for 1875 were to have been issued in December of last year, but are still unfortunately delayed by the pressure of business at this season. They will not be sent to members whose arrears remain unpaid.

MICHAEL PETROVICH POGODINE, the Russian historian, whose death has recently been announced, was born in Moscow in the year 1800. In 1821 he began to lecture on geography in the school attached to the Moscow University, and in 1826 he became Professor of History in the University itself. From 1827 to 1831 he edited the *Moskovsky Vyestnik* or "Moscow Messenger," to which, as well as to the *Moskovityanin*, or "Muscovite," which he afterwards edited, he contributed numerous essays, chiefly upon Slavonic history and archaeology. To these subjects he devoted him-

self with the zeal of a Slavophile and a Panslavist, always ready to break a literary lance in defence of Holy Russia and in opposition to the innovations of the "Occidentals." His principal work is his *Ancient Russian History up to the Mongol Yoke*, published at Moscow in 1872, in three volumes of text with a magnificent volume of engravings. But his smaller contributions to the history of his native land and of the other Slavonic countries were very numerous, and many of them were, at all events at the time of their appearance, of no small value. His death will be severely felt by the Slavonic Committee of Moscow, of which he was long the energetic and enthusiastic President.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* notices with satisfaction that Goethe's *Faust* has been translated into Swedish. The translator, who has devoted many years to the task, is the well-known Swedish writer, Victor Rydberg, who, as editor of the *Göteborgs Sjöfarts-og-Handelstidning* during the war of 1870-1871, made himself conspicuous by his strongly-expressed sentiments in favour of the Germans, with whose literature he had long been intimately acquainted.

A COMPLAINT was made a short time ago in the ACADEMY of the systematic disregard of English in our schools and universities. In pleasing contrast to this we have plain proof that things are otherwise in America. "A Dissertation on the History and Development of the English Verb" was published last year by Emil Schwerdtfeger, a student of Cornell University, barely sixteen years of age. The dissertation was occasioned by an offer of prizes made by the Early English Text Society through Mr. F. J. Furnivall, and the prizeman's studies in English philology were wholly carried on in the three-fourths of a year that had elapsed since his admission to the University. The result is one of which a veteran philologist need not be ashamed. Not only have the best works on the subject been thoroughly read and mastered, and a clear knowledge shown of the principles of comparative philology, but Mr. Schwerdtfeger has also displayed a good practical acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon, and the power of thinking for himself. If such results can be produced in America, why should they not be in England? Perhaps if a little of the time at present devoted by our rising youth to athletics and Latin verse-making could be spared for their own language, grammatical blunders would be less common, and Shakspeare and Chaucer cease to be mere names.

THE Assyrian and Egyptian Philological Classes, in connexion with the Society of Biblical Archaeology, are to be resumed in the first week in February, 1876. The Assyrian class will be conducted by the Rev. A. H. Sayce, and will be held on the Saturday afternoons during the session, at 5 P.M. The Egyptian class will be conducted by Mr. P. Le Page Renouf, who is at present on the Continent, and in whose absence Dr. Birch will take a series of Analytical Lessons in the *Ritual of the Dead*, at 8 P.M. Admission will be free, by tickets, which can be obtained by application by letter to Mr. W. R. Cooper, on and after January 15 next.

THE visit of the Prince of Wales to Ceylon has shown that the spirit of literary enterprise which has lately arisen among the Sinhalese is likely to bear lasting fruit. Mr. Rajapaksha has endowed a scholarship in connexion with the Colombo Academy—to be called "the Prince of Wales scholarship"—with 10,000 rupees, and has given a valuable plot of land opposite to the Borella Hospital as a site for the new Government medical school. Mr. de Soysa, a well-known native banker and coffee-planter, has given 150,000 rupees to found two schools at Moratuwa, where he lives—one for boys, and another for girls; and he further proposes to endow two chairs, one of Pali and another of Sanskrit literature, at the Colombo Academy. It was Mr. de Soysa who

founded the Alfred Model Farm on the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh; and he now proposes to extend that establishment, so as to include training and industrial classes for both boys and girls. That the praiseworthy desire for the spread of education, shown by the objects to which these gentlemen devote their gifts, is not confined to them, is evident from the manner in which the Sinhalese community, as a whole, have resolved, after some discussion, to celebrate the Prince's visit. This is by raising a fund to endow a Sinhalese College in Colombo, to be called "The Prince of Wales's College," or "The Albert College," for the promotion of Elu, Pāli, and Sanskrit studies. There have lately been many articles in the local newspapers on the comparative merits of the European and Sinhalese systems of medicine; which have shown that the natives are enthusiastically convinced of the superiority of their own mode of treatment. It seems clear that they are at least acquainted with the virtues of several vegetable drugs unknown to the English Pharmacopoeia, and in any case the discussion has resulted in a zeal for the study of their ancient medical works—mostly in Sanskrit, but some in Pāli—which will materially strengthen the revived interest in those languages. The learned head of the Buddhist priesthood, Sumangala Hikkadua, has lately established a school of Pāli theology and philology in the Western Province, and a similar institution will shortly be opened at Mātara in the Southern Province of Ceylon.

In the *Fortnightly Review*, to pass over Mr Swinburne's article on the second of the three phases of Shakspeare, and that by Mr. Pater on the Myth of Demeter and Persephone, which we propose to notice elsewhere, Mr. Tollemache's article on "Courage and Death" is most suggestive in dealing with the latter part of the subject.

In *Fraser* the bitter series of papers on German Home Life is concluded, a series on Erasmus is begun, and the number contains a not unfair illustration of the methods of criticism which writers who ought to know better apply to authors like Milton and Webster. The article is called "Critics in Wonderland."

In *Blackwood* there is another idyll of courtship at a country house, this time in winter in Scotland instead of in early summer in England. Also an article on Luce and *Bric-à-brac*—instructive on the former subject, impulsive on the latter. The writer is irritated, by the growing tribe of collectors who wish to be aesthetic at second hand, who are partly the cause and partly the effect of there being no independent schools of manufacture capable of supplying the natural demand of well-to-do and not uncultivated people for uniform finish and sightliness in their domestic surroundings. Miss Cobbe takes up her parable to the same purpose in "Backward Ho!" in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, but her range is wider; she attacks all literary, religious, and artistic *dilettantism* with more vigour than discrimination. Of course a *dilettante* of any kind is rather a poor creature, but that is really no reason why he should not be permitted to nurse such spiritual or artistic aspirations as he may have on such terms as he can. The article on Current Literature, which is a new feature in the magazine, is cleverly done: a good many books are described with fair appreciation at first or second hand, and if there is a class of readers who wish to be not more than a quarter behind the world, and do not mind being that, the editor of the *New Quarterly* seems in a position to cater for them.

In *Good Words* Major Butler begins a very interesting series of papers on South Africa. Austin Dobson has a very neat and tender little poem, and Mr. Stephen gives a singularly clear and compendious account of Gothic architecture,

intended to prove its unfitness for modern domestic buildings, which allow no scope for the two features which governed its development—groined roofs and traceried windows.

In *Macmillan* Mr. Black's new story begins with a rebellious heroine at a Camberwell school. W. P. suggests that "Psycho" performs the two motions by which he chooses and lifts his card by the help of atmospheric pressure upon pistons. Mr. Freeman has an enthusiastic article on the independence of Montenegro, and the zeal of Prince Nikita for female education.

In the *Cornhill* there is a description of the strange country round Lake Taupo, a good deal less enthusiastic than Mr. Domett's.

OBITUARY.

COOPER, W. Durrant, F.S.A., at Russell Square, December 28, aged 43.

COX, W. Sands, F.R.S., at Kenilworth, December 23, aged 73. [One of the founders of the Birmingham School of Medicine, subsequently the Queen's College.]

FREI, Joseph, at Berne.

MOHI, Jules de, at Paris, January 4, aged 75.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE results of the observations of the late Commodore Goodenough while at the Fiji Islands, and while cruising among the New Hebrides and Santa Cruz groups, are of great geographical interest. The untiring industry, high culture, and remarkable powers of recording his observations of this deeply lamented officer give peculiar value to all he wrote. We are therefore glad to hear that Mrs. Goodenough has determined to entrust Messrs. Henry S. King and Co. with the publication of the Commodore's journals kept during the interesting period of his important service among the Polynesian Islands, preceded by a short memoir. Commodore Goodenough gave much attention to questions relating to the formation of coral reefs. But all the observations of so accomplished a geographer will be valuable; and Mrs. Goodenough's work will be welcomed by a large circle of readers.

THE determination of the Government to take the necessary precaution of communicating with the Arctic Expedition in 1876 shows a due appreciation of the requirements of the case. Yet Admiral Richards has again written a letter to the *Times* repeating his mistaken notion that such communication has only been made necessary by Captain Nares's uncalled-for change of plans, and that this modification of the programme is unimportant. The Admiral's object might seem to be to uphold the infallibility of a Committee on which he served a year ago, and which neglected to advise the adoption of necessary precautions for the safety of the Expedition. At all events, Admiral Richards will find that the people of England are more concerned for the welfare and safety of their countrymen now wintering in the ice, than for the credit of his forgotten Committee.

THE stimulus given to geographical discovery in Russia by the Swedish expedition under Professor Nordenskiöld has led to the organisation of a scheme for exploring the estuary of the Lena, and determining whether a trade communication could not be established between the mouth of that river and Archangel. A sum of 26,000 roubles has already been obtained through private sources for the purpose, and it has been determined to equip an expedition in readiness to start as soon as the melting of the ice will allow of navigation in the Arctic waters which it is intended to explore. It is understood that this expedition, which will be provisioned for three years, will be under the command of the English Arctic explorer, Captain Wiggins, and steps have already been taken by the promoters of the enterprise to obtain for it the support of the authorities in the great Siberian towns, as

Irkutsk, Krasnoyarsk, Tobolsk, Tumen, and Ekaterinenburg, with the special view of securing for the expedition from the different local traders trustworthy specimens of the various products of commerce belonging to the several districts, with which, it is hoped, a communication may be opened.

FOREIGN REVIEWS OF ENGLISH BOOKS.

The EDITOR will be greatly obliged if the Publishers of foreign Journals will send him copies of those numbers which contain Reviews of English Books.

A CHRISTIAN PAINTER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. (Rivingtons.) *Polybiblion* for December.

COWELL, E. B. A Short Introduction to the Ordinary Prakrit of the Sanskrit Dramas. (Trübner.) *Revue Critique*, January 1.

EWALD, A. C. The Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart. (Chapman & Hall.) *Nation*, December 16.

NORDHOFF, C. The Communist Societies of the United States. (Murray.) *Temps*, December 27.

NUTT, J. W. Fragments of a Samaritan Targum. (Trübner.) *Nation*, December 23.

BOSTON LETTER.

Boston: December 14, 1875.

Mr. Emerson's new volume, entitled *Letters and Social Aims*, which comes out this week, contains essays on the following subjects:—Poetry and Imagination, Social Aims, Eloquence, Resources, The Comic, Quotation and Originality, Progress of Culture, Persian Poetry, Inspiration, Greatness, and Immortality. A fairer notion of its contents can be given by a few quotations than by a dry description of its merits, which are those of every other volume of its author's prose. The opening of the first volume runs as follows:

"The perception of matter is made the common-sense, and for cause. This was the cradle, this the go-cart of the human child. We must learn the homely laws of fire and water; we must feed, wash, plant, build. These are ends of necessity, and first in the order of nature. Poverty, frost, famine, disease, debt, are the headles and guardsmen that hold us to common-sense. The intellect, yielded up to itself, cannot supersede this tyrannic necessity. The restraining grace of common-sense is the mark of all the valid minds—of Aesop, Aristotle, Alfred, Luther, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Franklin, Napoleon."

And so the essay goes on, mingling common-sense and poetical phrase in its enumerations of what makes poetry.

"The primary use of a fact is low: the secondary use, as it is a figure or illustration of my thought, is the real worth." "Poetry is the perpetual endeavour to express the spirit of the thing, to pass the brute body, and search the life and reason which causes it to exist; to see that the object is always flowing away, whilst the spirit or necessity which causes it subsists." "It is not style or rhymes, or a new image more or less, that imports, but sanity; that life should not be mean; that life should be an image in every part beautiful; that the old forgotten splendours of the universe should glow again for us; that we should lose our wit, but gain our reason."

"Tis easier to read Sanscrit, to decipher the arrow-head character, than to interpret these familiar sights. 'Tis even much to name them. Thus Thomson's 'Seasons,' and the best parts of many old and many new poets, are simply enumerations by a person who felt the beauty of the common sights and sounds, without any attempt to draw a moral or affix a meaning."

"There is under the seeming poverty of metre an infinite variety, as every artist knows. A right ode (however nearly it may adopt conventional metre, as the Spenserian or the heroic blank-verse, or one of the fixed lyric metres) will by any sprightliness be at once lifted out of conventionality, and will modify the metre. Every good poem that I know I recall by its rhythm also. Rhyme is a pretty good measure of the latitude and opulence of a writer. If unskilful, he is at once detected by the poverty of his chimes. A small, well-worn, sprucely brushed vocabulary serves him. Now try Spenser, Marlowe, Chapman, and see how wide they fly for weapons, and how rich and lavish their profusion. In their rhythm is no manufacture, but a vortex, or musical tornado, which, falling on words

and the experience of a learned mind, whirled these materials into the same grand order as planets and moons obey, and seasons and monsoons."

It would be easy to go on infinitely quoting from this small volume, but the extracts already made take up too much space perhaps, although they are all from a single essay, the first. That one at any rate is the most interesting of them all; the subject, Poetry and Imagination, is treated by a competent hand.

Mr. Jarvis's *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan*, which is just published, is somewhat obscured in parts by irrelevant discussion of the relation of Science to Christianity and other occidental matters, but when the author confines his easily-wandering pen to the subject he has in hand he does it and himself justice. Mr. Jarvis nowhere lays claim to any profound knowledge of the Japanese people, or of their literature, but he has studied their art and made himself the master of a good deal of information about the country. His book shows just this sort of study; many *fac-simile* illustrations serve as texts for the author's comments; and, on the whole, this will be found a useful handbook by people who care for Japanese art. Mr. Jarvis laments the rapidly growing decay that marks it, owing to the indiscriminate demand of so many foreigners, and the great call for the best work outside of Japan, but he gives such information as will be of service to those who are buying or studying at present. The book is published by Messrs. Hurd and Houghton.

The same firm soon publishes *The German Element in the War of American Independence*, by G. W. Greene. This book contains brief lives of Baron von Steuben, General von Kalb, and an article on the German Mercenaries. The author says in his preface that "the following pages make no pretension to original research. They are founded on the admirable monographs of Dr. Friedrich Kapp," but the author has done more than condense Dr. Kapp.

Steuben, at the age of fourteen, took part in the siege of Prague, and afterwards went through the Seven Years' War, so that when he came to this country and drilled the American soldiers in the Revolutionary War, he was a skilled and useful assistant. Kalb, too, was a soldier of experience. The volume will be found of interest, and full of information for the English reader.

The Life and Adventures of a Quaker among the Indians, by Mr. Thomas C. Battey, is a book wholly without literary pretensions, but the writer gives a very vivid picture of his life as teacher among the Indians. He seems to have understood the savages very well, and to have secured their affection by his own kindness and honesty.

The North American Review for January is to be devoted to Centennial matters. Religion, Politics, Abstract and Economic Science, Law and Education of the last century, are the subjects discussed by a competent hand. Nothing is said of literature or art.

May I correct the statement in the ACADEMY for November 22 that a million copies of Miss Alcott's *Little Women* have been sold? The number is one hundred and seven thousand. Of all her books only a little less than three hundred thousand have been sold.

Mr. Whittier's *Songs of Three Centuries* does not differ materially from many other compilations of English poetry. It is divided into three books, the first containing extracts from the poets contemporary with Shakspeare to the time of Milton; the second, Dryden to Burns; the third, Wordsworth to Longfellow. Of course most of the approved poems of the older men are to be found here, and in addition to them there is a great quantity of modern contemporary poetry, some of which has often appeared in the corner of the newspapers. Various unknown names, too, are to be found in the Index of Authors. Of those already famous the following have their place:—Wm. Blake with "To the Muses," and "The Tiger;" Mrs. Browning has four poems; Mr.

Browning, three; Clough, four; Landor, one, "I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone;" Shelley, three; Mr. Swinburne, one, "A Match;" Mr. Tennyson, seven; Mr. Rossetti, one, "The Sea-Limits;" and Mr. Joaquin Miller, two. The book is especially rich in devotional poetry. Of his own poems Mr. Whittier has chosen "The Eve of Elections," "The Grave by the Lake," "In School-Days," "Laus Deo," "My Birthday," "The Vanishers."

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY.

P.S.—The articles in Mr. Emerson's *Letters and Social Aims* are not from the *Dial*, but are the work of recent years. Some have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, others in the *North American Review*. One was an address to a college society at Cambridge.

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York: December 13, 1875.

There is no such work extant as a "life" of Hawthorne. The reason for this is the great romancer's well-known wish that there should be no life of him written. Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, associate editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a son-in-law of Hawthorne, is now engaged upon a book which, while it will not overstep the desire expressed by the novelist, will meet a long-felt want of his many admirers, and will be an invaluable and sympathetic study of the man and his works. Mr. Lathrop's design is to define and vividly portray Hawthorne and his writings as outgrowths of New England life, to explain the forces which fostered and influenced his genius, giving it its peculiar flavour, and to show how deeply rooted in the history of Salem these influences were. Then to give the relations of the genius thus produced to the rest of American literature, and in the new light of this investigation to form some opinion as to his place and influence in literature in general. A chief object in this undertaking is to furnish a consistent picture of Hawthorne and his works of a kind that has not yet been attempted. It will be printed uniform with Osgood's New Edition of Hawthorne's Works, and will make a volume of about 250 pages in that form.

Mr. Browning's *Inn Album* has been as variously received in this country as in England. Few critics, however, have given it unstinted praise, and not a few have made it a target for their satire. The cleverest criticism which has appeared is one in verse, published in the *Tribune* and signed T. (since confessed to be from the pen of Mr. Bayard Taylor, who is particularly good at burlesques of that sort). Mr. Taylor gives a review of the poem, making quotations and comments just as he would in a prose criticism. As it has excited a great deal of amused interest over here I will quote the closing lines to give you an idea of the style and sentiment:

"The meaning ask you, O ingenious soul?
Why, were there such for you, what then were left
To puzzle brain with, pump conjecture dry,
And prove you little where the poet's great?
Great must he be, you therefore little:—go!
The curtain falls, the candles are snuffed out:
End, damned obliquity, lugubrious plot."

Mr. Moncure D. Conway has met with a gratifying welcome. He delivered his first lecture in this city on the 3rd inst., at Mr. Frothingham's church, in the new Masonic Temple, before a large and unusually cultured audience. He has given other lectures since. Mr. Conway lectured in the west before he returned to this city, and he met with some opposition from the orthodox people out there. *A propos* of Mr. Conway, I read his interview with Walt Whitman which appeared in the ACADEMY of November 27 with considerable interest, and beg that you will let me correct the erroneous impression that parts certainly gave. Mr. Conway has not been an American for fifteen long years, and in that time opinions and estimates of men and things have changed over here. Mr. Conway speaks of finding Whitman

superintending the publication of his new book in a job printing office in Camden, N.J., and says:—"No American publisher will issue his works; the booksellers seem to regard him as a fair victim for fraud; no magazine will accept his MSS., &c." It is true that he now publishes his own works, but they were published for a long time by a New York publisher. Our publishers do not object to them on account of their morals, for Mr. Whitman has written nothing lately that can be even accused of immorality, but because there is no market for them. As for the magazines not accepting his MSS., seven years ago he was a valued contributor to the pages of the *Galaxy*, and lately that magazine has published his portrait with a flattering sketch. The editors of that periodical have long been his staunch friends. Within a short time, *Harper's Monthly* published a long poem of his. It has got to be quite a fashion lately to cry out about Walt Whitman not being appreciated in his own country. On the contrary he is nowhere more highly thought of, although his audience does not seem largely composed of bookbuyers. Among his brother authors he is looked upon as a man of great genius, and he has a band of disciples among his countrymen. There is no man in whom the American public take so curious an interest as in Walt Whitman, and no one about whom so many personal paragraphs have appeared in the newspapers, if perhaps we except Joaquin Miller.

Bret Harte's last volume of stories, *Tales of the Argonauts*, loses nothing by comparison with his earlier work. These tales are strong and original in plot as well as humorous and pathetic. Mr. Harte's style has raised up many imitators, none of whom can approach him in his own peculiar line. Mr. Harte is said to be dramatising his novel *Gabriel Conroy*, now running in *Scribner*. He has already written a play for the Union Square Theatre, in which Mr. Stuart Robson will play the leading rôle, Col. Starbottle. Col. Starbottle is a character who figures in a number of Mr. Harte's stories, and whom he described to me once as a man with a frill on his shirt and a frill in the very tones of his voice. He is the second in almost all the duels between the gamblers and miners of California, and is a natural outgrowth of the state of society in that country in 1849.

Among the youngest and most popular of our poets—I must say poets for the want of a better name—is Will Carleton, a young Westerner. The best known of Mr. Carleton's poems is "Betsey and I are out," which has been read in public by Charlotte Cushman and other readers, and the authorship of which is disputed by a lady up in New England. As it is exactly in Mr. Carleton's vein, and not at all like anything she has since written—and I do not think that she ever wrote anything before—her claim is not very substantial. Mr. Carleton's writings consist of farm ballads. His first book, *Farm Ballads*, reached a sale of fifty thousand copies in a very short time; and his second book, *Farm Legends*, although it has been published but a few weeks, has already sold a large edition. Mr. Carleton's style can hardly be called literary. He has a certain grace that comes from earnestness, and he tells plain, homely stories that are the everyday experience of the people among whom he lives. While he will never rank very high as a poet, he will command a large audience so long as he confines himself to the pictures of farm life in the West, which he paints in rough but honest colours.

Mr. Henry James, jun. has just completed his novel, *Roderick Hudson*, which ran as a serial through the *Atlantic*, and which is now published in a book form by James R. Osgood and Co. Mr. James's stories are very slight in plot, but are wonderfully strong in description. His men and women are not such as one meets with in everyday life, nor such as one would care to meet. As works of descriptive if not dramatic art, they are very fine. In certain things he reminds one more of Hawthorne than any other writer I can think

of, though he seems to work after the best French models. Mr. James is a cosmopolitan in his life as well as his work. He spends the greatest part of his time abroad, and is now writing letters from Paris to the *New York Tribune*.

There were a few good pictures exhibited at the Century Club last week, among the best of which were two landscapes by Jarvis McIntee, and one figure subject by Eastman Johnson. Mr. McIntee's landscapes are noticeable for their warmth of colour and delicate sentiment. He gets a feeling into his work, which I am sorry to say is not common with American painters. Mr. Eastman Johnson, who holds a high rank among our figure painters, has never done anything better than this small picture. It represents a little girl standing on tiptoe to hold a seashell to her grandfather's ear. The old man is stooping down, and his face is kindly responsive to the eagerness of the child.

Theatrical circles are rife with the *début*, on the 18th of this month, of Mr. Oakley Hall upon the boards of the Park Theatre. Mr. Hall is a very prominent lawyer of this city, but is best known as having been mayor of New York during the administration of the Tammany ring. The name of the play in which Mr. Hall is to appear is *The Crucible*, and he represents a politician who has been unjustly accused, but who in the end triumphs over calumny. There is no question but that this will be a successful venture while the novelty lasts, for everyone will want to see a mayor of New York, and especially one of Mr. Hall's peculiar reputation, in so singular a position.

Rose Michel, a play adapted from the French of M. Ernest Blum by J. Steele Mackaye, is having a successful run at the Union Square Theatre. Miss Rose Eyttinge, who plays the title rôle, has made an excellent creation, and Mr. J. H. Stoddart, as Pierre Michel, has won universal praise. The play is thoroughly French, but what is not usual in a French play, the love that makes it strong is that of a mother for her daughter.

Mr. Charles Fechter is playing at the Lyceum Theatre with *Mlle. Juliette Clarence* as leading lady. The troupe is entirely French, and the acting is better than is usually seen in New York theatres.

J. L. GILDER.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- BICKNELL, H. *Hafz of Shiráz: Selections from his Poems.* Trübner. 42s.
LAVOLLÉE, R. *Channing, sa vie et ses doctrines, d'après ses écrits et sa correspondance.* Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
MENNICKÉ, C. E. *Die Inseln d. stillen Oceans, e. geograph. Monographie.* 2. Thl. Polynesien u. Mikronesien. Leipzig: Froberg. 12 M.

History.

- BOHMNER, J. F. *Regesta Imperii. VIII. Die Regesten d. Kaiserreichs unter Kaiser Karl IV. 1346-1378.* Hrsg. v. A. Huber. 4. Lfg. Innsbruck: Wagner. 4 M. 50 Pf.
CLASON, O. *Römische Geschichte vom 1. Samniterkriege bis zum Untergang d. Alexander v. Epirus.* 2. Bd. Halle: Waldenhaus. 2 M.
FRIEDENFELS, E. v. *Joseph Buddens v. Scharberg. Beiträge zur Zeitgeschichte Siebenbürgens im 19. Jahrh.* 1. Thl. Wien: Braumüller. 10 M.
KAYE, Sir J. W. *A History of the Sepoy War in India.* Vol. III. Allen & Co. 20s.

Physical Science.

- GRANDIDIER, A. *Histoire de Madagascar.* Vol. VI. *Histoire Naturelle des Mammifères; par A. Milne Edwards et A. Grandidier.* T. 1. 1^{re} partie. Paris: Hachette.
HASEKIL, E. *Arabische Korallen. Ein Auszug nach den Korallenbanken d. rothen Meeres u. e. Blick in das Leben der Korallenthier.* Berlin: Reimer. 15 M.
HEER, O. *Flora fossilis Helvetiae. Die vorweltl. Flora der Schweiz.* 1. Lfg. Die Steinkohlenflora. Zürich: Wurster. 24 M.
MOJSOVSIC V. MOJSOVAR, E. *Das Gehirge um Hallstatt.* 1. Thl. Die Mollusken-Faunen der Ziembach u. Hallstätter-Schichten. 2. Hft. Wien: Hölder. 60 M.
MORSE, E. S. *A First Book of Zoology.* King.
NEUMAYR, M., u. C. M. PAUL. *Die Congerien- u. Paludinen-Schichten Slavoniens u. deren Faunen.* Wien: Hölder. 30 M.
SANDBERGER, C. L. F. *Die Land- u. Süßwasser-Conchylien der Vorwelt.* Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 40 M.
SEMPER, C. *Der Haeckellismus in der Zoologie.* Hamburg: Mauke. 30 Pf.
VAN BENEDEK, P. J. *Animal Parasites and Mesozoa.* King. 5s.

Philology.

- HARKAVY, A., u. H. L. STRACK. *Catalog der hebräischen Bibelhandschriften der kaiserl. öffentlichen Bibliothek in St. Petersburg.* 1. u. 2. Thl. St. Petersburg.
NODAL, J. H., and G. MÜLLER. *A Glossary of the Lancashire Dialect.* Part I. A-E. Trübner. 5s.
OERA LINDA BOOK, *The, from a MS. of the Thirteenth Century.* Ed. W. R. Sandbach. Trübner. 14s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"LIGHT, DELIGHT, ALIGHT."

January 1, 1876.

Professor Whitney's courteous *Rejoinder* in the last number of the *ACADEMY* deserves an equally courteous reply, and as he complains that in one of the twenty indictments which I brought against him, and which, for his sake, not for mine, I wished him to submit to the judgment of any of his friends, I had misapprehended his meaning, I hasten to make the only reparation which it is in my power to make.

I had certainly been under the impression that Professor Whitney considered the words *light*, *delight*, and *alight*, as etymologically connected. He assures me, however, that he never did, and, of course, there is an end of the matter.

Only let me tell Professor Whitney that I am not the only person who took what he had written on page 134 of his *Lectures* in that sense. He there speaks of two characteristic features of language. Of the first he says:—

"How independent of all etymological aid is our conventional sense of the meaning of the words we familiarly use, may be shown by a great variety of facts in our language. It is convenient to have the various conjugational and declensional parts of our verbs and nouns agree in form as in sense; when we say *I love*, to say also *he loves*, *we love*, *they love*, *having loved*; yet we say *I am*, *he is*, *we are*, *they were*, *having been*, and *I, my*, *we, our*, *she and her*, *go* and *went*, *think* and *thought*, and so on, without any sense whatever of hesitation or difficulty."

Then he proceeds to discuss the opposite case:—

"So, on the other hand, it gives us no manner of trouble to separate words which ought, according to the usual analogies of the language, to stand in a near relation of meaning together; however close may be their correspondence of form, it does not disturb the independent act of association by which we bind together each separate sign and its own conventional idea; take as instances:—

home and *homely*,
scarce and *scarcely*,
direct and *directly*,
lust and *lusty*,
naught and *naughty*,
clerk and *clergy*,
a forge and *forgery*,
candid and *candidate*,
hospital and *hospitality*,
idiom and *idiot*,
light, *alight*, and *delight*,
guard and *regard*,
approach and *reproach*,
hold, *behold*, and *beholder*."

Considering that the other examples are taken from words etymologically connected, considering that in his *Analysis* at the end (p. 493), Professor Whitney says, with reference to this passage:—"Use, not etymology, makes the significance of a word; our comprehension is independent of etymological aid," was it a very forced interpretation of his words that led me and others to suppose, that, like all other examples, this too of *light*, *delight*, and *alight* had been given by Professor Whitney in order to show that our comprehension of words is independent of etymological aid?

What I had said was this:—

"And let me ask Professor Whitney, if by chance he had opened a book and alighted on the following passage, would he have read much more? Is there any etymologist, comparative or otherwise, who does not know that *light*, the Gothic *liuhath*, is connected with the Latin *lucere*; that to *delight* is connected with Latin *delector*, Old French *deleiter*, and with

Latin *delectere*; while to *alight* is of Teutonic origin, and connected with Gothic *leikts*, Latin *levis*, Sanskrit *laghus*?"

Professor Whitney now assures me that there was in his words "no implication whatever of an etymological connexion between *light*, *alight*, and *delight*." These examples, he writes, were offered to show that it gives us no manner of trouble to separate words, which ought, according to the usual analogies of the language, to stand in a near relation of meaning together; and, he adds, "such as have no real relationship, but only a false resemblance of one, were even better suited to my purpose than others."

Nothing can be more straightforward. I confess I found it difficult to believe that Professor Whitney should not have known that even in English the old spelling of *to delight* was *deleite*, Old French *deleiter*; and that to *delight* has nothing to do with *light*, *lux*, or *light*, *levis*. All the reparation which I now can make is to append his explanatory note, as well as the rest of his *Rejoinder*, if he will allow me, whenever I may have to reprint my article, and to express my regret for having so seriously misapprehended his meaning.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

THE DROWNING OF SHELLEY.

London: January 3, 1876.

In connexion with the recent discussion on Shelley's death it may not be uninteresting to your readers to know that when, by whatever cause, the boat was swamped, Shelley had been reading, and held in his hand a volume of a small edition of *Aeschylus*. It was held in such a manner that the wet pages folded round the finger which was inserted to keep the place, and the gaping of the warped book is still plainly visible. It has, of course, been preserved with most reverent care, and scarcely handled. The action of the water before the body was recovered has stripped the book of its leather binding, and it is simply in the paper boards. The companion volume, which had been left at home, is also preserved, and both are in the possession of the Shelley family. However small credence may attach to the mythical story of the penitent sailor, it is still likely enough that the boat was run down by accident if not by design, and such, indeed, has long been accepted by the Shelley family as a reasonable supposition. The little *Aeschylus* would seem to confirm this. The most sudden squall would give sufficient warning to have enabled Shelley to drop the book and give some aid in the management of the boat. An unexpected foul from another boat which seemed likely to clear her might have precipitated Shelley so instantaneously into the water, that he would only clutch faster whatever he held at the moment in his hands.

C. KEGAN PAUL.

MR. SWINBURNE AND MR. SPEDDING—SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY VIII."

3 St. George's Square, N.W.: Jan. 3, 1876.

In Mr. Swinburne's most interesting second article on the "Three Stages of Shakespeare," in the current *Fortnightly*, is a most glaring misstatement of fact which Mr. Swinburne uses as a strong argument against Mr. Spedding's impregnable position of Fletcher's having written the larger part of *Henry VIII.* This misstatement is, of course, owing to inadvertency; and I am sure that Mr. Swinburne will be glad to have his slip pointed out, and to withdraw it. He says:—

"But in *Henry VIII.* it should be remarked, that though we find the same preponderance, as in Fletcher's work, of verses with a double ending . . . we do not find the triple terminations so peculiarly and notably dear to that poet; so that even by the test of the metre-mongers . . . the argument in favour of Fletcher can hardly be proved tenable; for the metre, which evidently has one leading quality in

common with his, is as evidently wanting in another [the triple ending], at least as marked and as necessary to establish the collaboration of Fletcher with Shakspeare in this instance" (p. 41).

Now this is indeed a passage to make one rub one's eyes with amazement, though not so hard as one does to see a man of Mr. Swinburne's great genius and critical power put *Henry VIII.* in Shakspeare's second period, and before Elizabeth's death,* after Mr. Spedding's masterly and really unanswerable proof that Shakspeare's share in it was one of his latest works, if not his latest. For I open my *Henry VIII.* at a Fletcher scene, p. 51 of Singer's edition, act ii. sc. 2, and my eye lights on two consecutive lines with the triple ending:—

"To him | that does | best, God | forbid | else.
Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, | call Gar[d]ner to | me, my | new sec[re]tary."

I turn back to p. 46, act ii. sc. 1—also a Fletcher scene—and I find not only another two consecutive lines with the triple ending:—

"As all | think, for | this busi[n]ess.
1st Gent. 'Tis | the car[dinal];
And mere[ly] to | revenge | him on | the emp[er]or."

but five lines above, and two below, two other instances;—

"The king | will ven[tu]re at | it. | Either | the
cardinal," . . .
"That she | should feel | the smart | of this? | the
cardinal."

Turn over a leaf to p. 44, and you have two triple endings in four lines:—

"Flying | for suc[cu]r to | his ser[vant] Ban[ist]er." . .
"Henry | the Seventh | succeed[ing], tru[ly] pit[y]ing."

On p. 43 we find *con[st]able*; p. 42, *Christians*; p. 41, *Buck[ingham]*; p. 39, *cer[em]ony*; pp. 36 and 38, and 48, *cham[berlain]*; pp. 37 and 71, *car[dinal]*; p. 32, *car[dinal's]*; p. 31, *igno[rance]*; pp. 69, *car[dinals]*; p. 71, *dis[ference]*; p. 88, *noto[ri]ous*, and *articles*; p. 97, *Kath[arine]*; p. 108, *em[per]or*; p. 119, *gentlemen*; pp. 120, 127, *Can[terbury]*; p. 124, *sec[re]tary*; p. 125, *troub[lesome]*; p. 130, *impos[sible]*; p. 135, *prod[igal]*; p. 52 *mur[mur]ers* and *vir[tuous]*; p. 43, *slav[ery]*.

I hope these results of a hasty search are enough. If not, I have no doubt more can be found. Not only is it certain that the triple ending is used by Fletcher in his part of *Henry VIII.*, but it is also certain that another sure note of his work—which Mr. Swinburne has unaccountably passed over—the heavy monosyllabic eleventh syllable of the double ending, which Mr. Swinburne's "any intelligent and imaginative child, with a tolerable ear for metre . . . could see for himself," is also present in fair proportion. Take a few instances: first, two in three lines, though the second can be otherwise scanned:

"Go, break | among | the press | and find | a way |
out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Mar[shalsea] | shall hold | ye play | these two |
months."—V. iii. p. 133.

"Since vir[tue] finds | no friends. | A wife | a true |
one?"—III. 1, p. 74.

"And am, | I thus | reward[ed]? 'tis | not well, |
lords."—*Id.*

"Take heed, | for heav[en's] sake, | take heed, | lest
at | once."—P. 73.

"Could speak | this with | as free | a soul | as I |
do."—P. 70.

"Fell by | our serv[ants], by | those men | we lov'd |
most."—II. 1, p. 44.

"Go, give | them wel[come], you | can speak | the
French | tongue."—I. 4, p. 36.

"A good | diges[tion] to | you all : | and once | more."
Id.

And so on. (Several more "notes" of Fletcher's work can be cited.)

* If Mr. Swinburne holds the old needless and groundless theory that the lines 40–56 of V. v., which date the play in James I.'s reign, were a later insertion, he should at least have said so—if not given his reasons for the step—when he tries to put the play up to 1596, or thereabouts.

If Mr. Spedding cares to enter the field again, and repel Mr. Swinburne's attack—which has not touched even the mortar of Mr. Spedding's castle—I venture to say that he will make as short work of Mr. Swinburne's battery of the Fletcher part of *Henry VIII.* being "explicable as a tentative essay in a new line, by one [Shakspeare] who tried so many styles before settling into his latest," as the triple endings I have instanced make of Mr. Swinburne's mistaking statement that none exist in that Fletcher part of *Henry VIII.*

But let me, before ending this letter, thank Mr. Swinburne heartily for his eloquent and penetrating criticisms of Shakspeare and our other Elizabethan poets, and for the delight and teaching they have given me. He is, in many points, our master and guide; but on this *Henry VIII.* authorship one, I do assert firmly, that in the facts, in Mr. Spedding, a greater than Swinburne is there.
FREDK. J. FURNIVALL.

P.S.—On the larger aesthetic question raised by Mr. Swinburne I have not touched; but I do wish to say that, for me, the dying scene of Katherine in *Henry VIII.* is distinctly within the range of the man who wrote, as Fletcher did, part of *The Maid's Tragedy*, and in it those lines on Antiphila's needlework of the forsaken Ariadne:—

"These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;
Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the
wind,
Wild as that desert; and let all about me
Be teachers of my story. Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila! Strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument! and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,
Make all a desolation."

The author of these lines, with Shakspeare's noble unfinished picture of Katherine before him, could, and did, in his completion of it, rise near the height of the master he honoured and loved.

Mr. Spedding established his division between Shakspeare's and Fletcher's parts of *Henry VIII.* before he applied a metrical test to them. Though other such tests have confirmed that division, it is independent of them, just as the genuineness or spuriousness of a so-called Chaucer poem is independent of the *y-ye* test. Still, the coincidence of all the tests is irresistible. The place of *Henry VIII.* in the order of Shakspeare's plays is as firmly settled as that of *z* in the alphabet; and Mr. Swinburne can no more move *Henry VIII.* up to *King John*, as an early second-period work, than he can set *z* before *h*, try how he will.

M. NICOLAUS VON MIKLUCHO-MACLAY'S ETHNOLOGIC RESEARCHES.

Samoa, South Pacific: June 25, 1875.

Among the "Notes of Travel" in the ACADEMY for December 5, 1874, I read, with some surprise, the following paragraph:—

"The most recent news which the Imperial Russian Geographical Society have received of the indefatigable explorer M. Miklucho-Maklay, is to the effect that having now completed his researches on the Ethnology of the Papuans in New Guinea, and having apparently proved incontestably the existence of the race in the Philippine Isles, he is preparing to visit the Malay peninsula. He will start from Batavia some time during the present month, land at one of the ports in the south, and from thence penetrate into the interior range of mountains, where he expects to find a tribe called Semang, which he, in common with other authorities, considers will prove to be of Papuan descent."

I do not wish to depreciate the value of this Russian traveller's researches, but I think the above statements are likely to mislead those who

have not given special attention to the ethnology of New Guinea, and who have not kept themselves informed of M. Maclay's movements. I have seen this gentleman called, in an English scientific journal, the explorer of New Guinea, a more comprehensive title than any given, as far as I am aware, to Signor D'Albertis, Dr. Beccari, or Dr. B. Meyer; and he is now said to have "completed his researches on the Ethnology of the Papuans in New Guinea." It is, therefore, natural to ask, What have been M. Maclay's opportunities for studying the Papuans of New Guinea? He resided fifteen months at a spot on the north-east coast named, after D'Urville's vessel, Astrolabe Bay, but the coast of which he has himself named, in commemoration of his residence there, Maclay Coast. To the immediate neighbourhood of this bay his researches have been confined.

At the present time we have certain knowledge of two very different races of men inhabiting the opposite coast of New Guinea, from Torres Strait to the south-east peninsula. One of these is a black frizzly-haired race, and the other a brown straight-haired race. It is possible, and many think probable, that the inhabitants of the mountains in the interior differ essentially from those on the coast. What, then, are we to understand by M. Maclay's "completed researches?" If they are intended to apply only to the black, woolly-haired natives, well and good: detailed knowledge respecting the inhabitants of any one locality, which will enable ethnologists better to judge of their affinities with other races, will be valuable; although, with a people so broken up into hostile tribes with diverse characteristics as the Papuans usually are, information from several localities would have been much more valuable. But if M. Maclay's "completed researches" make any pretence to settle the broad question of the Ethnology of New Guinea, ethnologists will certainly not accept them at such a valuation—that is, unless he can show himself to possess a secret by which he is able to judge of a heterogeneous whole from an examination of one homogeneous part.

I fail to see the incontestable proof which M. Maclay has "apparently" furnished as to the existence of the Papuan race in the Philippine Islands. Is such proof supposed to be new? I thought it had been for many years an acknowledged fact that part of the inhabitants of the Philippines are Papuans. Certainly a large portion of Chapter xx. in Dr. Prichard's *Natural History of Man* is devoted to the "Negritos of the Philippines," and this part is illustrated by four plates—two of them being of Negritos of the Philippines, and two of New Guinea natives.

The latter part of the paragraph in the ACADEMY tells us M. Maclay is about to penetrate into the interior range of mountains in the Malay peninsula, "where he expects to find a tribe called Semang, which he, in common with other authorities, considers will prove to be of Papuan descent." In the commencement of the late Dr. Prichard's 20th Chapter, already mentioned, the following sentence occurs:—"It is remarkable that the mountainous country in the interior of the Malayan Peninsula is inhabited by woolly-haired tribes, who are well known under the name of Samangs." These are the people M. Maclay is about to rediscover!
S. J. WHITMEE.*

PÄLI students will be glad to hear that Prof. R. C. Childers is at work on his Pāli Grammar, which may be looked for before the end of the year.

A TRANSLATION into German of the selections from the *Sutta Nipāta*, lately translated by Sir Coomāra Swāmi from the Pāli, is announced to appear at Leipzig.

* Mr. Whitmee is one of the London Missionary Society's missionaries in the Navigator Islands, and a good naturalist.—[Ed.]

The EDITOR will be glad if the Secretaries of Institutions, and other persons concerned, will lend their aid in making this Calendar as complete as possible.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, Jan. 8,	3 p.m.	Royal Institution: "On Experimental Electricity," by Prof. Tyndall.
MONDAY, Jan. 10,	5 p.m.	London Institution: "On Human Automatism," I., by Dr. W. B. Carpenter.
	8 p.m.	Medical.
		Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall.
	8.30 p.m.	Geographical.
TUESDAY, Jan. 11,	8 p.m.	Civil Engineers: President's Annual Address.
		"Anthropological Institute: "On the Maori Race of New Zealand," by Dr. James Hector and W. S. W. Vaux.
		"Photographic.
		"West London Scientific Association: "On the Geology of Switzerland," by James Heywood.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 12,	8.30 p.m.	Royal Medical and Chirurgical.
	3 p.m.	Royal Literary Fund.
	8 p.m.	Graphic.
THURSDAY, Jan. 13,	7 p.m.	London Institution: "On Lyrical Music," I., by Prof. Ella.
	8 p.m.	Historical: "The Historical In-sane; John IV. of Muscovy," by Dr. B. W. Richardson.
		"Mathematical. Inventors' Institute.
	8.30 p.m.	Royal. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, Jan. 14,	8 p.m.	Astronomical. Quakett Club.
		"New Shakspeare Society: "On the Play of Cymbeline," by J. W. Craig.

SCIENCE.

Die Staatslehre des Aristoteles. 2^{te} Hälfte. Von W. Oncken. (Leipzig: Engelmann, 1875.)

THERE is no legacy of Greek genius which has waxed and waned more remarkably in public opinion than the political studies of Aristotle. His descriptions of actual States, if not the theoretical treatise still before us, were the main source of later Greek historians, who found in the patient and acute Stagirite the first trustworthy guide on most points of controversy about ancient laws and customs. Honoured above all others as a historical and political enquirer, his metaphysics never rivalled the books of Plato in imagination and in beauty, and hence the Alexandrian schools were mainly Platonic, and not Aristotelian, in their complexion. In the early Middle Ages, the great revulsion in social life caused the *Politics* to be actually forgotten, while the *Ethics*, and still more the *Logic* and *Metaphysics* of the great master, became the leading books of the world. The Italians of the classical Renaissance brought the *Politics* out of its oblivion,* and ought to have prized it above all things, as the conditions of their society were nowhere so closely paralleled; thus the thoughts of Macchiavelli bear almost necessarily a very extraordinary resemblance to those of Aristotle. But the love of style and form still outweighed the desire of knowledge, and again Plato, and even Plato's politics, were studied and admired more than the sober wisdom of his rival. It is not till the present age that, in the minds of men of the world, Aristotle's political observations and inferences, based upon a large review of varied and compli-

* As Oncken shows (Part I. p. 72), the translation of William de Moerbeke about 1260 had but little effect. It was in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that public interest seems to have awakened about the book.

cated experience, have taken a place far above the subtleties of his Metaphysics or the confused groping of his Ethics. In the old universities, indeed, the *Ethics* still holds its supremacy, but probably this "survival in culture" will not last beyond our own day, and our students will not be compelled to study guesses in morals at the cost of neglecting ripe experience in politics.

This brief sketch of the history of opinion will explain the condition of the text of the treatise, which has not been preserved to us in any MS. earlier than the fourteenth century, and so comes to us in a number of equally corrupt and interpolated copies, in which the duty of an editor is not so much the emendation of mistakes in writing, as the rejection of inserted glosses and re-arrangement of dislocated arguments. This task has been attempted with considerable success by Susemihl, whose critical edition is the only one to be recommended, pending the work of Mr. Newman, long expected by English Hellenists. But a critical text is not sufficient for the understanding of such a treatise, where a clear perception of the general principles of the author is the only true way of unravelling the knots of his argument. This is the want supplied by the work of Professor Oncken, of which the first part has already been reviewed in these columns.

Looking at the form of the book, I may first observe, that it is free from the almost universal defects of German treatises of the kind. The style is very pleasant and attractive, and instead of a great luxury of reference to obscure books, we are treated to copious citations from the texts themselves, so that the careful reader can verify without hunting up half the books in his library. I cannot but suspect that these agreeable and practical features in Professor Oncken's book arise from his study of English authors. He and Mr. Strübing are, I think, the only German authors known to me who properly appreciate Grote, and feel that in political insight such a man is almost sure to see farther and clearer than a mere student of books. Accordingly, our author's defence of Grote's argument against the supposed equalisation of landholding by Lycurgus is very clear and conclusive (pp. 351, *seq.*). So also, he shows a general scepticism about sudden changes (p. 262 and elsewhere), such as are accepted by other German historians, and always seeks the operation of some permanent or slowly-working cause, *éclatante*, as the French say, at a certain moment, but preparing its effect long before.

On the other hand, he has not added very much to the restoration of the text, and is generally content to follow Susemihl and Bernays. Where he does make suggestions, he does not always satisfy us. Thus in a note (p. 28) on the remark that the ἀπολις, or outlaw, is aggressive, ἀρε περ ἀζυξ ὡν ὡσπερ ἐν πεποῖς, he seeks to explain it by an epigram of Agathias, which speaks of lost men in a draught or dice game as ἀζυγες. How a lost man can be aggressive, is hard to understand. The meaning of ἀζυξ is clearly that of our "rover" in a game—a piece which, having reached the end of its stage of self-preservation and joint progress with others, turns aggressive, and attacks at

all risks. This is the case in croquet, partially in chess, and in draughts, even as we play it.

Again, at p. 269, there is a most interesting discussion on the character of Philip's policy as leader of Greece, in contrast to the hegemony of Sparta and Athens. They had attempted to introduce their own constitution everywhere, he in a remarkable treaty (quoted by Oncken from Or. 17 of Demosthenes) assures to each State its existing laws and government. But when this is brought to explain Aristotle's enigmatical statement (p. 1296, 32) εἰς γὰρ ἀνὴρ συνέπεισθη μόνος τῶν πρῶτον ἐφ' ἡγεμονία γενομένων ταύτην ἀποδοῦναι τὴν τάξιν, i.e., τὴν μέσσην πολιτείαν, which had had no fair chance under Athens and Sparta, we hesitate. If this man means Philip, surely Philip must have endeavoured to impose this form (ἀποδοῦναι) on the States, not to leave the extreme forms wherever they subsisted; and surely Oncken's theory cannot be sustained by the following explanation (p. 272):—"Die Herrschaft des Mittelstandes bei Aristoteles ist nur ein anderes Wort für die Herrschaft der besitzenden Klasse, vernünftige Demokratie, vernünftige Oligarchie, &c." Very true, but surely the States left *in statu quo* by Philip cannot be called such.

On p. 339, the author infers a personal acquaintance with Sparta from Aristotle's remark that Lycurgus was not honoured in proportion to his deserts in Lacedaemon, although, adds Plutarch, he enjoys the highest honours, for he has a shrine, and they sacrifice to him yearly as a god. Oncken thinks the whole sentence is quoted from Aristotle, which seems to me not likely. Lycurgus' shrine was a matter of notoriety in Greece, and doubtless preserved till late times. Though Plutarch may have thought a shrine the greatest honour, Aristotle need not have thought so, but may have meant that though they treated him as a god, this was really a barren honour for a man whose advice they should have followed, and whose laws they should have upheld. But Oncken infers that Aristotle, having visited Sparta, found the shrine and sacrifice less stately than it should have been.

Apart from these occasional rash inferences, which affect details, the general estimate of the attitude and argument of the *Politics* is sound and reasonable, and the popular discussions of such questions as that of slavery in ancient days show large reading, and great elegance of exposition. It seems strange in so well-read an author, that he should never have once cited Macchiavelli's *Principe* in illustration of Aristotle's practical advice about the weak points of tyranny (pp. 307, *seq.*), and the means by which people may be deceived into believing it a lawful monarchy. Like Macchiavelli, Aristotle stigmatises with a passing phrase its wickedness, but, like Macchiavelli, goes on to discuss practical points without any further moral protests. The advice given often corresponds almost verbally. Nothing certain seems to be known about the education or studies of Macchiavelli, but as the appearance of the first printed edition coincided with his coming of age, and as a number of translations and commentaries began then to appear, it seems probable that these re-

semblances arise from a direct study of the *Politics*.

The author's admiration for Aristotle does not blind him to the defects of the *Politics*, which he carefully states and criticises. One of them may arise from the compilation of the book as we have it, by means of notes, from different years of the master's teaching, by his disciples. It is that inconsistency of regarding at one time a monarchy, at another a democracy, as the ideal State (p. 160). The second is the contempt for labour, and more especially for the earning of money by labour or trade (p. 137), which characterises the idle Greek gentleman at all times, and from which even Aristotle could not free himself. The third is a discouragement of all enthusiasm in the pursuit of art (p. 205) which springs from the same source—the pride in leisure, and the dislike of any absorbing pursuit, as opposed to true liberty.

But none of these essentially Greek defects are so prominent, and therefore occupy our author so much, as the formal defence of slavery by Aristotle. To this Oncken has devoted a most interesting chapter (II.) in which he sums up the opinions of the most important and advanced thinkers in all antiquity. He shows that even Christianity did not rise for centuries above the notion of humane treatment, and frequent manumission, of slaves, and did not preach the equality and liberty of all the human race. The remarkable point in Aristotle's discussion is this—that he fully sees how many exceptions there are to the actual slave being a slave by nature. He sees the case of prisoners of war, often nobler than their captors; he knows innumerable cases where a slave of ignoble birth has behaved with high principle and with enlightenment. What facts are there in human nature which nevertheless make him hold fast to the theory that a large portion of mankind are naturally slaves, and are, therefore, justly to be enslaved?

Oncken does not seem to me to have laid proper stress on the true element of the theory, the element which still exists in human society, and which Aristotle often mentions, but not in its modern form. It is the distinction between political and non-political races, which Aristotle simply calls Hellenes and barbarians (of two distinct kinds), but which we cannot classify so readily. At first blush the history of modern Europe might suggest that the Anglo-Saxon race alone is truly a political race; but then the example of the Swiss, the remarkable attempts of the French, and some other cases, show that such a statement is far too narrow. Still with the Irish, the Spaniards, and the modern Greeks before our eyes, we seem to see certain proof that there are many nations, not savage, of which individual members may be quite fit for a free constitution, but of which the mass can only be properly controlled and improved by a paternal despotism. The main political mistakes of the present day appear to be attempts to put a free constitution upon these nations where it has not grown spontaneously. Such artificial improvements are sure to fail, because they are based upon a mistake opposite to Aristotle's—the belief in the right and benefit of liberty to all mankind.

In fact, the Greeks seem to have applied to individuals what was only true of nations, while we apply to nations what may be true of individuals, but of them only.

I will merely allude in conclusion to the excellent studies on Sparta, Athens, and Crete, which form the latter portion of the volume, and the sensible estimate of our various authorities on the constitutional history of these States. The author is rather hard on Polybius, but supports himself by the authority of Müllenhoff: on the whole, it is not unpleasant to hear that so dull a writer is also untrustworthy on all matters beyond his own personal experience.

Professor Oncken's book may be recommended as the clearest and most useful introduction to the study of a very difficult, but very instructive, treatise.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

Mind: a Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy. No. 1, January, 1876. (Williams and Norgate.) The appearance of a new review devoted exclusively to Psychology and Philosophy is a good omen for the prospects of philosophical study in England. The venture is no doubt a hazardous one, but it starts with a fair prospect of success if the quality of the first number can be maintained in its successors. The revival of philosophical study in England is now an acknowledged fact, and it is but natural that one of its first efforts should be the establishment of a special organ. Philosophical study is now no longer the private possession of a particular clique or school; it is vigorous, many-sided, and catholic; it courts controversy, and thrives on debate; and though in some aspects it still wears the air of combativeness and dogmatism inseparable from the period of struggle it has gone through, it has for the most part shaken itself free from theological prepossessions and other influences alien to philosophical calm and rational insight. The time has come, therefore, when philosophy, as distinct from a particular set of philosophical doctrines, can support an organ of its own, and *Mind* is a praiseworthy, and, so far as we can judge from a single number, an encouraging attempt to furnish such an organ. It contains eight original papers and a very adequate array of reviews, reports, notes and news, all signed by names of acknowledged competency. When we say that the names of the editor (Professor Croom Robertson), Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. James Sully, the Rev. John Venn, Mr. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, the Rector of Lincoln, and Professor Bain are appended to the eight original papers, it will be acknowledged that *Mind* starts with an array of contributors that should at least entitle it to success if it cannot secure it. Nor is the quality of the papers unworthy of the names attached to them. The editor begins the number with a programme of the new review quite remarkable for its breadth, fairness, and philosophical comprehensiveness. It is enough to mention that Mr. Herbert Spencer furnishes an outline of the Comparative Psychology of Man, to secure for his paper the attention it deserves. Mr. James Sully, in a paper on "Physiological Psychology in Germany," gives an account of Wundt's *Grundzüge der physiologischen Psychologie*, which suffices to show that the work deserves the serious attention of all who would keep on a level with the progress of modern scientific psychology. Mr. Venn's paper on "Consistency and Real Inference" is a very acute dialectical contrast of the rival theories of logic which at present dispute the field in England. In his paper on the "Theory of Evolution in its application to Practice," Mr. Henry Sidgwick brings to bear on recent ethical theory that Aristotelian method of discussion which he has applied

with such success in his *Methods of Ethics*. Mr. Shadworth Hodgson commences a series of papers, which promise to be very instructive if not entirely convincing, on Philosophy and Science; and Professor Bain gives the first instalment of some very interesting enquiries he has been making into the early life of James Mill. I have reserved the Rector of Lincoln's paper till last, because, without in the least disparaging its companions, it seems to me, in its bearing on the prospects of philosophical study in England, to be by far the most weighty and instructive in the number. Is the study of philosophy flourishing at Oxford? This is a question which most persons at a distance, perhaps, would answer in the affirmative. The Rector of Lincoln gives it a decided and emphatic negative for reasons which he details at length, and which it is certainly difficult to rebut. This is his picture of the results of the so-called philosophical curriculum:—

"In the average Oxford prizeman we too plainly recognise the symptoms which indicate that he has suffered from the forcing-house: mental pallor, moral indifference, the cynical sneer at others' effort, the absence in himself of any high ideal. He knows of everything and truly knows nothing. For him intellectual enjoyment has passed away; the taste for reading which he brought to college he has lost there; he has lost reverence without acquiring insight; he remains an intellectual *roué*, having forfeited the native instinct of curiosity, of which, as Aristotle says, Philosophy was born."

The picture is startling, but in its main outlines true. The most that can be said, in answer to this trenchant but bracing criticism, is that philosophy, in the writer's sense, of a temper, a habit of mind, can no more be taught than poetry. Oxford no longer produces its Duns Scotus or its Occam, it is true; but that is, perhaps, because it is no longer what it once was, and cannot again become, the chief centre in England of mental vigour and initiative. Still, not a little of the stir of philosophical thought in England is due to the impetus given by the writings of the late Dean Mansel, and perhaps one philosopher in a generation is as much as can be looked for. Into the general merits of the Oxford curriculum as a phase of mental training this is not the place to enter; but the Rector of Lincoln's paper will offer much and not very palatable food for reflection to all who take an interest in it.

It has been necessary in this brief notice to touch very cursorily on the points of interest in the first number of *Mind*. But I cannot conclude without a cordial welcome to a very spirited experiment in English literature, and an emphatic recommendation of it to all who are interested in the progress of English philosophy.

JAMES R. THURSFIELD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PHYSIOLOGY.

On the Mechanism by which the Chameleon's changes of colour are regulated.—The peculiar alteration in colour which the skin of the chameleon exhibits under the influence of light or irritation was investigated by Professor Brücke, of Vienna, upwards of twenty years ago. It has recently engaged the attention of M. Bert (*Comptes Rendus*, November 22, 1875), who anticipates that some light will be thrown on the obscure subject of vaso-dilator nerves by the results of his enquiry. The following are the principal conclusions at which he has arrived. The divers hues of the chameleon's skin are immediately due to changes in the position of pigmentary corpuscles, which are at one time concealed in the deeper layers of the cutis, at another spread out superficially in a stellate network. The movements of these corpuscles are governed by two sets of nerve-fibres, one of which causes them to shrink and withdraw themselves from the surface of the skin (constrictors), while the other determines their emergence and ramifi-

cation (dilators). The former resemble the vaso-constrictor nerves in their anatomical distribution; they run in the mixed nerve-trunks of the extremities and in the cervical sympathetic; they do not decussate in the spinal cord; they have a powerful reflex centre in the medulla oblongata, and another less powerful one in the remainder of the spinal cord; finally, they are not influenced by curare, while they are very susceptible to the action of eserine. The latter, on the other hand, are more nearly allied to vaso-dilator nerves. Though we are obliged to admit that they exist, we cannot satisfactorily trace their course and their relations to the nerve-centres. It is not unlikely that they may be connected with the pigmentary corpuscles indirectly, through some sort of peripheral ganglionic apparatus. The colour of the chameleon's skin is under the control of the cerebral hemispheres; each hemisphere acting principally on the constrictor nerves of its own side, and on the dilator nerves of the opposite side of the body. The normal stimulus for this cerebral mechanism is light; extirpation of one eyeball rendering the skin permanently pale on the same side of the body. But luminous rays are capable of influencing the pigmentary corpuscles in a more direct way than this. When the animal is asleep, or under the influence of anaesthetics, or but just dead, its skin assumes a yellowish-white tint. If a part of the body be then exposed to the blue or violet rays of the spectrum, it is speedily darkened; no such effect, however, is produced by exposure to the red and yellow rays.

The Physiological Action of Coumarin.—This substance, found in the Tonka bean (*Coumaroma odorata*), in the melilot and other sweet-scented plants, has not hitherto been credited with any very marked physiological activity. The researches of Köhler (*Centralblatt für die medicin. Wiss.*, November 27, 1875) show, however, that it is endowed with hypnotic and anaesthetic properties of a very decided kind. It throws both cold-blooded and warm-blooded animals into a deep sleep, during which all reflex excitability is abolished; its sedative effects are not preceded by any stage of excitement, or complicated by any tendency to muscular spasm or convulsion. The gradual disappearance of the reflex irritability of the spinal cord is attributed by Köhler to over-stimulation of Setschenow's inhibitory centres in the brain. Coumarin exerts a peculiar action on the cardiac inhibitory apparatus, first stimulating and then paralyzing it. If the dose administered be large, the contractile power of the heart is ultimately destroyed; the organ stops in diastole, and no longer responds either to mechanical or to electrical stimulation. In an animal under the influence of coumarin, the respiratory movements are sluggish and unfrequent; the temperature falls, but not to any great extent. The pupils do not present any constant alteration in size.

The Function of the Spleen.—The observations of Picard and Malassez on the changes which take place in the blood during its passage through the spleen have already been noticed in the ACADEMY (February 13, 1875). These enquirers have lately published some additional results bearing on this question (*Comptes Rendus*, November 22, 1875). Taking advantage of the partial independence of the different segments of the spleen, they succeeded in dividing the nerves going to one half of the organ without interfering with the nervous supply of the other half. This enabled them to compare the venous blood returned simultaneously from the paralysed and the non-paralysed portions of the gland. The results, as regards the proportion of red corpuscles and the "respiratory capacity" of the blood, were quite in harmony with those previously obtained by a less accurate method of investigation. The red corpuscles were always much more abundant in the blood coming from the paralysed segment. On examining the splenic tissue itself, it was found to contain a larger proportion of red corpuscles per unit

of weight on the paralysed than on the sound side. The next question requiring an answer was this: ought the increased proportion of corpuscular elements in the paralysed tissue to be ascribed to an augmented rate of production, or simply to a concentration of the blood owing to transudation of its liquid portion? By ligaturing all the vessels, and one half of the nerves, entering the hilus of the spleen, the circulation was arrested in every part of it alike; nevertheless, that half of the organ which still retained its nervous connexions was found to be much poorer in red corpuscles than the other half. Finally, the quantity of iron in the paralysed and non-paralysed portions of the spleen was determined, and found to be much smaller in the former than in the latter. The simultaneous increase in the number of corpuscles, and diminution in the amount of iron, point decidedly to the conclusion that the accumulated iron is used up in a rapid production of new corpuscles, determined by section of the splenic nerves. The commonly received view of the blood-forming function of the spleen is thus substantiated.

Physiological Action of Vanadium.—This has been made the subject of an elaborate investigation by Mr. Priestley, Platt Physiological Scholar of Owens College, Manchester (*Proc. Roy. Soc.*, November 18, 1875). The chief purpose of the enquiry was to ascertain the physiological relationships of vanadium to the closely-allied elements, arsenic and phosphorus. Tribasic sodium vanadate was the compound employed in all the experiments. It was found to be very poisonous in its effects on the lowest and the highest organisms alike. In the latter it caused paralysis, convulsions, drowsiness, and symptoms of severe gastro-intestinal irritation. Very dilute solutions of the salt, applied locally, soon caused functional death of muscular and nervous tissue. Introduced into the circulation, sodium vanadate caused intermittent depression of the blood-pressure, disappearance of the respiration-curves, and intermittent action of the heart; these effects being due to its specific action on the intracardiac nervous mechanism and on the vaso-motor centre. The respiratory movements were first accelerated, then retarded; the retardation not being continuous, but intermittent. The salt did not manifest any selective action on the peripheral nerve-ends, or on idio-muscular contractility.

THE "Scientific Record" for January in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* gives an excellent résumé of what has been done recently in various departments of science in different parts of the world. The American items will be the least known to our readers, and from them we find that Professor J. L. Smith reports the Dixon County (Tennessee) meteorite to be "the most interesting specimen of pure meteoric iron yet known. Its surface was not melted, although evidently highly heated in its passage through the atmosphere. The Widmannstätten figures are developed with exquisite beauty. It contains 71 per cent. of hydrogen." This is evidently a misprint. The iron of the Lenarto meteorite was found by Graborn to contain 2.8 times its volume of gas, of which 85 per cent. was hydrogen. Is it correct that 71 per cent. of the gases occluded in the Dixon meteorite was hydrogen? We notice also that Dr. Moore has described a new mineral from the zinc mines of Stirling, New Jersey. It is a hydrous oxide of zinc and manganese, closely related to psilomelane. It occurs in small hexagonal crystals and "in drosses of indistinct crystals." When ignited it becomes copper red, and, in allusion to this, it is named *chalcopyramite*.

A new porcelain clay, called by Professor Cox *Indiamite*, has been found in Spice Valley Township, Lawrence County, Indiana, and is used in the porcelain works of Cincinnati. It resembles kaolin in composition.

Dr. C. JOHNSON prepares sections of coal by

macerating pieces a quarter, or half, an inch thick in liquor potassae till they swell and soften, then soaking for a few hours in water, draining off the water and soaking for a few days in alcohol. He then fastens them in a cutter with paraffin, and mounts the sections in balsam, after successive immersions in absolute alcohol and oil of cloves.

WE are glad to hear that Professor Hyatt's "Revision of the North American Poriferae" has appeared, as the first instalment of papers on native sponges, published under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission.

MR. S. H. SCUDDER has made an interesting discovery of the remains of the abdomen of the larva of a dragon fly in a fragment of carboniferous shale from Cape Breton, "thus carrying back the existence of these insects into the paleozoic age."

AN enamelled water-pipe is mentioned as a novelty introduced by the National Tube Works Company.

M. PH. VAN TIEGHEM has made fresh observations on the development of agarics of the genus *coprinus*, and on the supposed sexuality of *basidiomycetes*, which differ from the conclusions lately arrived at. He finds that certain rods (*batonnets*) which appeared to be male organs, and to act as fecundators, are capable of independent germination. "These organs," he says, "are therefore, not male fecundating corpuscles (spermatia or pollinides), but a particular kind of spore, usually alterable and ephemeral." He also states that he has seen the fruits of *C. plicatilis*, *radiatus*, and *filiformis* develop and ripen in a cell, or a mycelium, under conditions in which no rods were produced or introduced. The incapacity to germinate, alleged on the part of the rods, was, M. van Tieghem says, only a negative argument, which falls before the fact of their germination, which has been ascertained. If some of the rods are placed in a drop of manure water they are seen in a few hours to become oval, and even spherical, after which they push forth vigorous mycelium tubes, which branch and anastomose. Two days later, the mycelium produces more groups of *baguettes*, which disjoint themselves into the rods. This is their normal generation. If, however, they are sown in great numbers, so that they are close together in the nutritive fluid, the conidia do not enlarge sensibly, but emit very narrow tubes perpendicular to their axes, which anastomose like the letter H. If the rods are transferred to a drop of fluid, in which a mycelium of the same species is already developed, they behave in an analogous manner, and anastomose with the mycelium. If at the point of union the mycelium branch is somewhat exhausted, they pour their protoplasm into it, and renew its activity. After supplying further details M. van Tieghem says:

"The various copulations of the rods we now know are vegetative phenomena, beginnings of germination under conditions in which normal germination cannot be accomplished, and with manifestations of the general property of anastomosing and grafting, which all the cells of these plants possess in a high degree . . . The theory of the sexuality of the basidiomycetes apparently based upon the most demonstrative of processes cannot resist a more profound study. Will it be so with the basiomycetes? This will be treated in another paper." (*Comptes Rendus*, November 15.)

THE anatomy and histology of *Lucernaria octoradiata* has been studied in the laboratory of M. Lacleze-Dulhiers, at Roscoff, by M. Korotneff, and the results will be found in *Comptes Rendus* for November 8, 1875. He finds the body of these creatures composed of four layers: (1) an ectoderm covered by a cuticle; (2) a gelatinous layer; (3) an elastic membrane; (4) the endoderm. At the base of both endoderm and ectoderm are cells which transform themselves into nematocysts, or gland-cells. The gelatinous layer and the *membrana propria* are traversed by elastic fibrils which are prolongations of endodermic cells. Two

sorts of muscles are found, longitudinal and circular, the latter always forming an external layer. The longitudinal muscles are represented by four trunks, which commence at the bottom of the foot. In the middle of the body each trunk divides itself into two branches, and each branch enters a bundle of tentacles. A layer of muscular fibres is also found in the walls of the peristome, and buccal tube. The circular muscles are found round the mouth, along the margin of the body, and in the tentacles. Each fibre is a simple cell, containing a highly refringent fibril. A single fibril sometimes traverses a series of connected cells.

Schultze regarded the bristles of the urticating organs (*cnidocils*) as instruments of touch. M. Korotneff finds the tops of the tentacles covered with the urticating *nematocysts*, each one placed in a cell which carries its bristle (*soie*). The cellule is extended into a long fibril, which traverses a bipolar or a multipolar cell, and terminates in a little peduncle that penetrates the *membrana propria*. These multipolar cells the author regards as nerve-cells, and states that the analogy between the tactile organs of lucernaria and those of the arthropoda is complete.

The digestive cavity contains a stomach, and four large radiating canals, and its walls are coated with a layer of endodermic cells, ciliated on the peristome, and single on the external walls of the body. Among these endodermic cells are unicellular glands secreting a digestive liquid. The surface of the cavity is enlarged by mesenteric filaments, one side of each filament being composed of gland-cells, the other ciliated. The author supposes the gland-cells produce a circulation in the cavity, and that the simple endodermic cells absorb the nutritive fluid. He states that the sexual elements are developed in special capsules of endodermic origin. Each capsule is composed of the endoderm, and of an elastic membrane (*membrana propria*), and is filled with ovigerous cells. A young egg has a large germinating vesicle, which disappears in proportion as it grows. The developed egg is surrounded by a strong membrane, and has a large micropyle. The ripe capsule is furnished, near its base, with a canal which serves for the exit of the sexual products. The elasticity of the *membrana propria* keeps this canal shut except when the internal pressure of the mature eggs forces it open, after which it again closes.

M. P. FISCHER has a paper in *Comptes Rendus*, November 2, 1875, on "The Nervous System of the Pulmonary Gasteropods." He states that the suboesophageal or cerebroid ganglion constantly exhibits on each side three expansions more or less separated by furrows, and suggesting resemblance to the fissures of the vertebrates. The first of these expansions supplies the upper tentacular nerve, the middle one the lower tentacular nerve, and the commissure which unites it (the expansion) to the anterior suboesophageal ganglion. The posterior expansion is the point of departure of the commissure which unites it to the middle suboesophageal ganglion. After various other particulars, for which we must refer the reader to the original paper, the author says the existence of stomato-gastric ganglia is constant in the group. They are found almost always below the oesophagus, where it opens into the pharyngo-lingual pouch. The peculiarities exhibited by these ganglia are said to be of great value as aids to classification.

In the October number of the *Revue de Linguistique*, as well as in a paper reprinted from the *Transactions of the Société Ramond*, the Rev. W. Webster has drawn attention to a hitherto unexplored field of research, but one of the highest interest and importance to the comparative mythologist. He takes as his text a work recently published by M. Cerquand, entitled *Légendes et récits populaires du pays Basque* (1875), and his article in the *Revue* is introduced and annotated

by M. J. Vinson. M. Cerquand has, with the help of the "instituteurs" of four Basque cantons, collected a considerable amount of Basque folklore, which he divides into (1) allegories or parables, (2) mythological legends, (3) stories of witchcraft, (4) historical legends, (5) popular tales. The immense value of such a collection need not be pointed out, but great care ought to be taken to distinguish what is genuinely Basque from what is only borrowed. A thorough investigation of Basque folklore will do much towards clearing up the obscurity which covers the earlier history and extension of the so-called Iberian race, as well as its relations with surrounding Aryan populations. That the Basques have borrowed much is plain; it is very probable that the Kelts also upon their side will be found to have borrowed from the Basques. Indeed, in the case of one well-known classical story, that of the Cyclops, it is more than possible that the exact shape taken by the Greek legend was due to "Iberian" influence. At all events, the Tartar, or men with one eye, play a conspicuous part in Basque mythology, and in the second edition of Mr. Sayce's *Principles of Comparative Philology* he has pointed out the resemblance between the Homeric legend of the Cyclops, as well as of the tale of the Giant without a heart in his body, and one version of the Basque Tartarus story communicated to him by M. A. d'Abbadie. Besides the Tartaroak, M. Cerquand's myths present to us the Laminac or fays, whose name M. Vinson believes to have been derived from the Latin *lamia* in the sense of "vampire," Basa-jauna and Basa-anderea, "the Savage Lord" and "Lady," a kind of male and female faun, Antcho or Ancho, a name given to Basa-jauna in one story, possibly, M. Vinson thinks, the diminutive of *Antonis*, and Janico, "the supreme being," who figures in the legend of the Seven Stars or Great Bear. Janico, by the way, has given us our slang phrase "By Jingo." Another being of Basque mythology is Héren-Sugi, "the triple serpent" or dragon with three heads. Mr. Webster remarks that this serpent must be identified with the subject of the legend of "The Dragon of Alcaiz," found at Bagnères-de-Bigorre, and published by M. Soutas under the title *Le Serpent d'Isabit*. The three heads ascribed to him seem to connect him with the three-headed monsters of Aryan legend like Kerberos, Echidna or Orthos (Vedic Vritra), and consequently point to a borrowing from Aryan folklore; on the other hand, the Basque text of the story gives the dragon seven heads, thus assimilating him to "the seven-headed serpent" or "dragon" of Accadian mythology, the symbol of chaos and tempest, "who beats the waves of the sea" and is sometimes termed "the serpent of night" and "the serpent of darkness." This first instalment of Basque mythology makes us long for more, and we look forward with impatience to the appearance of the important collection of it which is being made by two such able editors as Mr. Webster and M. Vinson.

In the *Zeitschrift für Deutsche Philologie*, vol. 6, part 4, Zingerle gives an account of an Innsbruck MS. of St. Oswald, dating from the fifteenth century. This essay is the second of two, entitled "Ueber zwei Tirolische Handschriften." Bossler continues his papers on the local names in Lower Elsass; A. Lübben contributes an instructive article on words compounded with *al*. An interesting contribution to the study of the narrative prose of the Middle Ages is contained in seven stories out of the Münster MS. of the "Spiegel der Leien," printed here by Reifferscheid. In a short but valuable paper Schröder discusses the date of the "Schwabenspiegel," which he assigns to the year 1275. Hirzel publishes three letters of Goethe to J. G. Steinhäuser, two of them for the first time; this paper is the most generally interesting among the shorter contributions. In the miscellanies, Rüdiger gives an account of the first congress of the Society of Low-German Philologists held at Hamburg in May, 1875. The

remainder of the volume is taken up with short reviews.

FLECKEISEN and Masius' *Neue Jahrbücher für Philologie und Pädagogik* (vols. 111 and 112, part 9) contains little original matter of much importance. There are, however, some weighty reviews in the volume. One is by Gutachmid, on the fourth edition of Duncker's *Geschichte des Alterthums*; a second by Furtwängler on the Report of the Russian Imperial Archaeological Commission for 1870 and 1871, containing an interesting discussion of the results of the recent excavations in the south of Russia; a third by Brieger on Hörschelmann's critical observations on the second book of Lucretius; a fourth by Gardthausen (exceedingly severe) upon the second edition of Eysenhardt's *Ammianus*. The rest of the philological section is mainly taken up with a number of short papers on isolated passages in Greek and Latin authors. Two articles, however—one by F. Blass, giving an account of the Oxford MS. of Lycurgus, the other by Heyer on the *periochæ* of Livy (which the writer assigns to one writer towards the beginning of the second century A.D.)—deserve special mention.

The most important article in the educational section is by H. Kämmer, on the University of Cologne at the time of its struggle against the classical revival. Hennings publishes a school-lecture upon alphabets, which is clear and well adapted to its purpose; and Kaufmann gives an account of the fifteenth meeting of the schoolmasters of the Middle Rhine provinces, which appears to have been less fruitful in results than might have been wished.

FINE ART.

Etching and Etchers. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "The Intellectual Life," &c. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1876.)

THE new and revised edition of *Etching and Etchers* comes to supplement and not to supersede the first. The first has for some time been rare and costly. It will continue so, and being unfortunately hard to obtain, it will deserve to be expensive, for the volume holds within its covers not merely the mass of instructive and readable matter which it is easy to reproduce, but a little collection of etchings, some of which have considerable art-value, and which are there alone. It contains what are, we think, among the happiest specimens of the art of Veyrasat, Samuel Palmer, and Lalanne, an exquisite reproduction by Jacquemart of a tripod by Gouthière in the Hertford collection, and a remarkable copy by Charles Jacque of the masterpiece of Ostade. Mr. Seymour Haden's sketch in the same volume does not show his quality fairly, and competent observers will be inclined to agree with M. Charles Blanc that Mr. Hamerton would have done better to suppress the "original" Rembrandt altogether. Mr. Hamerton himself thought it necessary to make some apology for including it. He knew the copper to be among the less significant of the master's works. But he included it because he fancied persons at a distance from great works would like to have in their possession just this little one. We can only wonder that anybody should consider it in any sense typical of the art and mind of Rembrandt. An adequate copy of one single characteristic head—a copy, say, by Flameng—would have been a hundred times more valuable. And in the new book it is by carefully executed

copies that Mr. Hamerton has essayed to illustrate his text. The copies, it is true, are his own, and not by the master copyist, Flameng. We have said enough to indicate some essential difference between the present volume and the last. The present is a book which, with the still growing interest in the art of etching, will be bought by many. The last is a book which, spite of the one mistake about that poor original Rembrandt, will still be pleasant to possess, or desirable to acquire.

We have called Flameng the master copyist, and that he undoubtedly is, among those who reproduce upon one plate the work done on another. But as copyists, or interpreters, of paintings, his fellow-countryman, Rajon, and the German Unger are very often his equals. And another great etcher—one who is distinguished of course the most as an original artist, Mr. Seymour Haden—has quite lately tried his hand as an interpreter of painting, having etched a plate from Turner's *Calais Pier*, in the National Gallery. And an astonishing work—delightful above almost all other work for audacity, freedom, and vigour—Mr. Haden's must be allowed to be. But, in his case, the possession of a strongly marked individuality might possibly tell against his ever becoming—if he ever cared to become—a patient and laborious copyist. His interpretation, we suspect, could hardly fail to be free; and, moreover, no sane man would desire that for the best work of reproduction conceivable, there should be exchanged the splendid original work which Mr. Haden is able to give us.

To Mr. Haden's work Mr. Hamerton has always done justice—nay, has sometimes done more than justice, or other than justice, by a pompous phrase of overweighted rhetoric, as in the present volume, where, having heralded the fact that he has a momentous announcement to make, he keeps the momentous announcement to be "displayed" in a paragraph all to itself, like Epps's Cocoa or the Apollinaris Water—though it occupies two lines and a quarter. He is "announcing" Mr. Haden's etching of *Sherie Mill-pond, Surrey*, and requires courage, and pauses for it. Then the paragraph—

"With the single exception of one plate, by Claude, this is the finest etching of a landscape-subject that has ever been executed in the world."

"The plate by Claude above alluded to," says Mr. Hamerton, regaining breath, and beginning another paragraph less momentous than the last, "is the one known as the *Bouvier*." And again, elsewhere, he informs us, "Mr. Haden's art is not a speech from a platform, but a *sincere soliloquy in the presence of Nature and of God*." But these peculiarities of attitude and expression apart, Mr. Hamerton may fairly lay claim to share with M. Burty the credit of having early recognised, and persistently upheld, Mr. Haden's most masterly work. In this volume many pages are bestowed, and profitably bestowed, on a consideration of the series of etchings: a careful analysis being devoted to a plate of great importance which had not been done when the earlier volume appeared—we mean the well-known *Agamemnon*: a print re-

markable for many things; for unity of sentiment, for vividness of impression, and for union of happy audacity with accurate science of execution, from the palpitating, flickering sky to the heavy flowing water, to the solidity of ship and wet griminess of barge.

Herr Unger—the German interpreter of pictures, whose name we have already mentioned—receives in the volume before us his due meed of appreciation; and to his notices of original etchers, Mr. Hamerton has added a chapter on Zeeman, and has given to Jongkind a chapter where he previously had smaller space. These changes, or additions, have not been made without reason. A wholesome principle is involved in them—the principle of praising and commenting on not only attractive work, but on work done on a right method, whether itself wholly satisfactory or not. Zeeman is not a great etcher, but he is a simple one, and the modern school wants simplicity. Jongkind is not a complete etcher, but he etches in the right spirit. He tries, not to reproduce a scene, but to record an impression. His art, however incomplete, is abstract, as the art of David Cox. He lays his touches with economy: he *selects* before he works. A far greater master than these—a man who succeeded in doing what these only tried to do—has also his due here, and a portion of one of his most characteristic plates is here reproduced. Turner, in the outline etchings which formed the groundwork for his *Liber Studiorum*, carried "selection" to its furthest point. He etched leading lines—never one line too many; never one line too few. Of course he did not imagine that his lines completed a picture: they only indicated it; leaving its completion for the mezzotint done under his minute supervision, sometimes by his own hand. But because those lines fulfil quite perfectly the purpose for which they were intended, and because the outline-etchings are even rarer than the completed prints, Mr. Hamerton has done well to reproduce a few of these lines, and he has chosen such of them as make one side of the outline etching of the *Little Devil's Bridge*; and though the reproduction cannot be precisely true in its relations of part to part—much decisive vigour in the original etching being lacking to Mr. Hamerton's copy—the beholder still may see with what an unerring eye Turner seized on the leading lines of the slope of the ravine and on the bristling pines clinging as if together on the precipice, and on the firm masonry of the bridge, in middle distance, and the far away form of furthest pine-tree and furthest steep. These outline etchings are among the best things a student can copy.

There are many other points that one might mention in the book before us—some to commend, and some to quarrel with—if space allowed. One might remark, for instance, at greater length than can be afforded here, on the author's omission of all mention of certain French etchers of the eighteenth century: among them Gabriel de Saint Aubin, whose "planches charmeresses" make him, according to the brothers De Goncourt, "l'unique aquafortiste français." "Etching"—add these gentlemen in their freest of styles,

"l'eau forte est l'oeuvre du démon et de la re-

touché. Le prime-saut, le premier coup, la vivacité, le diable au corps de la verve et de la main, il faut avoir toutes ces grâces, être plein du dieu—et de patience. Gabriel était l'homme de ce procédé, libre, courant, volant, plein de caprice et d'imprévu."

So much, and more if need be, from students of another school than those which Mr. Hamerton affects. But, in the main, his book is a good book. It has done a service already, and will do it again.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SEVENTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS.

(First Notice.)

ONCE more the galleries of Burlington House have been opened with the new year, and once more they are full of instruction for the student, of entertainment for the curious, of delight for the lover of beauty. Many of us, indeed, have grown to regard these exhibitions as something more than a privilege—as a necessity very nearly, and altogether as a right. The student, the curious, the lover of beauty, who is there that would call himself none of these? and who that calls himself any of the three would not be offended if now the winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy were to cease? Poor and scanty is not only the National Gallery at Charing Cross, but any public collection in the world, compared with the riches of that greater National Gallery which is parcelled out in innumerable lots over the length and breadth of England. And as long as any lot is kept private and withdrawn, so long it constitutes an unavailable portion of this national treasure.

So precious in our eyes and thoughts is the treasure, that we hold ourselves entitled to complain if we are shut out from any part of it. It is no use to answer our complaint with considerations about the rights of private property, and the duties of family guardianship. We will not be put off with reasons of that kind, but will claim for everyone the opportunity to see, to enjoy, the whole of our collective estate in these great monuments of human genius. We will be grateful, too grateful we cannot be, to those who having inherited or acquired the great works of painting, lend them willingly to be seen and enjoyed; but our gratitude for what we get shall give the measure to the urgency of our demand for more. So long as there are owners of old pictures who keep their possessions back, and will not show them in the only way in which we can really see them, let opinion protest, and protest, if need be, clamorously. It is not enough that there is a "public day" at most of the great houses where old pictures are, and that any one can go and see them there who pleases. When a great owner throws open his state rooms once a week to chance visitors and travellers, he does well, but he does not really turn to public account his private parcel of the general stores of ancient art. On your circuit through the state rooms there is always the house-keeper, there is always a hurry, there is usually an ill light, there is never the possibility of prolonged and minute study. And prolonged and minute study a picture is worth if it is worth anything at all, and must have if real good is to be got from it. The British Institution formerly, and now on a greater scale and with more authority the Royal Academy, by inviting owners to render up to their custody, a few at a time, the scattered parcels or lots of this marvellous treasure of our country, and by arranging each few for a time where they can be properly seen and studied, have taken the only practical means of making the treasure really public. If all owners would by degrees answer the invitation as some from the first have answered it, the Exhibition would go on year by year undiminished; piecemeal and by rotation, but in the only way possible, we should

all enter into, the full knowledge and enjoyment of that dispersed, that greater National Gallery. But owners there are, and among them some of the richest, who hold back and decline, pleading either, as above, that their galleries are already "public," or else that their duty, as trustees for their descendants, forbids them to expose the family pictures to the risks attendant upon removal. The latter of the two pleas is worth still less than the former. A somewhat enlarged sense of responsibility, and a somewhat more just idea of the unique and inestimable kind of property which a great work of art is, might suggest to each owner, as it has suggested to many, that he held his Titian or his Raphael in trust, not merely for the heirs male of his body, but for mankind, for the community, who might fairly ask, as a condition of that larger trust, and without prejudice to himself or his heirs aforesaid, that it should from time to time, and with all proper safeguards, be submitted for public enjoyment. And as to what constitutes a safeguard, a somewhat cooler computation from statistics might show the timid that the custody of a body like the Royal Academy—including and allowing for risks of transport—is not more dangerous, but safer, than the custody of the private house. Once, twice, thrice in each year, a house goes up in flames, and with it, as often as not, pictures that are priceless and cannot be replaced; and besides fire, there are the risks from damp, dust, neglect, accident. Set off against the loss and injury thus arising in any one year to pictures kept at home, the loss and injury arising from transport and exhibition to an equal number of pictures sent to Burlington House, and you will find that the balance is not in favour of those trustees who are most jealous of their private trust.

It seems ungracious, just as we are going to enjoy what is provided for us on the walls of the Royal Academy, to insist on causes that prevent, or threaten to prevent, us from having more yet to enjoy. Ungracious such insistence may be, but superfluous it is not; for there is substance in the rumours that have alarmed us, and there is a possibility that the system of winter exhibitions, however much from a privilege we may have felt them grow into a necessity and a right, may come to an end for want of available materials. One has only to look over the catalogue of the present and former exhibitions to understand how this comes to be the case. The fact is, the winter exhibitions have been nourished these seven years from less than half the private collections—speaking only of the great and famous private collections—of the country. Several great owners have contributed over and over again with an abundance beyond expectation and a generosity beyond praise; but less than half, it may be truly said, have ever contributed at all. One has only to think of the immense and noble gallery at Bridgewater House, distant only a street's length from the Academy, but closed altogether; of the noble pictures at Arundel, at Petworth, at Wilton, at Blenheim, at Panshanger; one has only to think of these and many other houses as famous in town and country, and to remember that they have not yet begun to render up their treasures, in order to realise that unless they do begin, no energy of the Royal Academy, no eagerness in the public, can keep the exhibition much longer annually on foot. Realising this, say we—on the owners who have contributed nothing, on more than half the great houses, let opinion press; the more sincerely we are thankful for what we have had, the louder let us raise the cry for more.

To no contributor are thanks more signally due than to the Queen, who has helped the enterprise from the first, and who this year, as if for an example to over-jealous trustees and owners who hold back, has sent as many as twenty-seven pictures, some of them from the private apartments at Windsor Castle. Perhaps among them all

there is no one thing so important, at once so splendid in itself and so interesting in the history of art, as the Titian landscape which came last year from Buckingham Palace. But the twenty-seven make several goodly clusters upon the walls. In the large room, upon the south wall, there is a great cluster of portraits, two of Rubens, two of Gainsborough, two by hands uncertain, besides a famous landscape of Ruysdael, a mythology of Claude, a pastoral of Paul Potter, and half a dozen minor Dutch pieces, all coming from Buckingham Palace or Windsor. Windsor contributes to the second room Hogarth's large and famous portrait—a little ugly and loud, but astonishingly alive and perfectly pure in execution—of Mrs. Garrick coming behind Garrick's chair while he composes the *Prologue to Taste*. In the last room, on the right as you enter, there is from Windsor the most bewitching and felicitous cluster of all, three heads of Princesses and one of their mother, sketched by Gainsborough with a swift magic, a facile but a penetrating charm, of which no other man was ever master. And in the fourth room, the room dedicated by established use to the earlier Italians, there is, again from Windsor, a group of the good Duke Frederic of Urbino and those of his household, which will give us more to say, both in art and history, than any other work in the exhibition. Among those who, like the Queen, exhibit not for the first or second time, Lord Radnor is perhaps the most prominent, sending also twenty-seven pictures, and among them many noble portraits of several generations—Vandycks, Knellers, Gainsboroughs, Reynoldses, Cosways; a great landscape of Verhulst ascribed to Rubens, an admirable portrait-group of Terburg, besides minor pieces. The Duke of Westminster, another old contributor, sends some interesting Italian pieces of doubtful attribution, and landscapes of Claude and Gaspar; the Duke of Sutherland, besides the great Romneys from Trentham, which all students of English art must have longed to see in these galleries, two good Zurbarans and a landscape of De Koningk. Mr. Fuller Maitland, whose gallery at Stanstead is probably the richest that has been formed in the lifetime of an owner now living, and who has always been one of the great contributors to Burlington House, sends this year only a few small English landscapes. Among new contributors the foremost is Lord Darnley, who supplies from Cobham one of the most splendid exploits of Titian in his old age—the picture of *Europa*—as well as an amazing procession of Venetian colour ascribed to Giorgione, a great Titian portrait, a Jordane, one of Reynolds' most charming children, dating from the last year of his artistic life, and others. Mr. Bingham Mildmay sends a dozen brilliant Dutch examples; Mr. Leyland several early Italians, of which the most interesting are a crowded *Nativity* with curious architecture and landscape, probably by Filippino Lippi, and a fresco of Luca Signorelli, painted for Pandolfo Petrucci at Siena and belonging to that series of which two pieces were bought last year for the National Gallery. Two small Raphaels of his early time are lent, one by Lord Lansdowne, and the other by the Baroness Burdett (both of whom are contributors of other things); and a third piece, a tiny landscape of lovely execution, and looking almost like the background of some rare Flemish miniature, is ascribed to Raphael by its owner, Mr. George Richmond. Lord Lonsdale lends an interesting Turner, and some French pictures, including an example of Boucher, perfectly characteristic of the best which that light master could do. The history of Sir Joshua's art is well illustrated by contributions from two descendants, Lord Morley and Lord Mount Edgecumbe, of houses in which he found his earliest friends and patrons. Mr. Basset swells the tale of Gainsboroughs with some brilliant family portraits. The Baroness Burdett Coutts lends a precious little forest landscape of Rembrandt, which belonged formerly to

Rogers, and several pictures of Fuseli, who in the banker Coutts of his time, and his daughter the Countess Guilford, had friends and patrons all his life long.

These are the chief names among the contributors who furnish several works each. The remainder of the exhibition, including some of its best items, is made up, in ones, twos, or threes, of the property of many individual owners and in a few cases of corporate bodies. Thus Mr. Wentworth Beaumont sends his Giorgione—an *Adoration of the Shepherds*, which is remarkable by the extreme richness and finish of its landscape and foliage, and which even the strict censorship of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle allows as one of the standard and undoubted works of the master. Mr. Holford furnishes two large Caraccis, examples of harsh learning and disagreeable accomplishment, in the place of which how happy it would make us, another time, to see some of the real treasures of Dorchester House; such, for instance, as the tragical lady, meditating Lucretia's fate, of Lorenzo Lotto, or the almost unequalled Venetian portrait known as the Queen of Cyprus by Paul Veronese. Mr. Street, the architect, has a good and elaborate triptych of Giotto or his school. Mrs. Ross sends from Florence two animated *cassone* pictures of the fifteenth century. Lord Normanton, besides two other things, sends his interesting purchase of last year—Romney's life-sized portrait, well known from the engraving and called *The Spinster*, of Lady Hamilton at the spinning-wheel. The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley earns thanks from all lovers of Reynolds with the masterly portrait of Mrs. Nisbett in the character of Circe, a cold-eyed white-clad enchantress in her bower among her tame beasts. Of Gainsborough one exquisite example, showing groups of ladies and gentlemen walking in sun and shadow on the Mall, belongs to Sir John Neeld; two others as good, a landscape with cattle, and the portraits of a white dog and puppy, to the Rev. Ernest Thoyts. Mr. John Murray sends his portrait of Byron, the familiar engraved portrait by Thomas Phillips, and a small scene from the *Beggar's Opera* in the most consummate manner of Hogarth. But to tell over all the lenders in this way would take too long.

So to sum up, which is all I propose to do to-day, the general character of the exhibition. It is distinguished from others that have gone before by being pre-eminently an exhibition of the English school, and therefore, as that is what the English school did best, of portrait painting. Our great-grandmothers, those bright and winning ladies, were never seen in greater force and beauty among their trickier darlings, our grandfathers. Romney, Reynolds, Gainsborough, are here in their glory, but especially Gainsborough; more than anything else it is Gainsborough's year, and on him, when we come to the English pictures in detail, we shall have most to dwell. In landscapes of the English school the exhibition is not so strong; there is only one Turner, one Wilson, not of his best, and two Constables; neither could the greatness of the Norfolk school, which shone so conspicuously last year, be judged from a gathering like this, where Cotman is not present at all, and Crome is represented chiefly by small or second-rate examples. In the schools of the Netherlands and Holland the show is strong. An interesting triptych ascribed to Memling represents early Flemish religious art; Mabuse's portrait-group of the children of Christian II. of Denmark brings us down to the sixteenth century; the great masters of Antwerp and Amsterdam in the seventeenth are represented by six pieces put down to Rubens, one of which, however, is known to be by a disciple, and four to Rembrandt, including one certainly spurious; the transition between the Flemish and the English schools in portrait is to be traced in nine Vandycks (not such a superb display as we have sometimes seen) and one Lely. The painters of the Dutch school proper, the perfect artificers of the

gradations of daylight, the masters of sleepy afternoons, of gardens and red-brick terraces beside the canal, of grocers' stalls, of tavern yards and merchants' parlours, the poets of the cock-fight, the drunken dance, the beery serenade, whom some delight in for the quality of their hand and some for the quality of their soul look down upon—these are present in great abundance and excellence. Ruysdael, Hobbema, Both, Cuyt—all four by consent even of their enemies rising each in his way to a pitch, not, indeed, of Southern poetry, but of poetry true and heartfelt in its dimmer Northern way—are severally here in force; and it is interesting to compare the Ruysdaels with the work of Stark, one of his Norfolk imitators of sixty years ago, whose single picture this year enters vigorously into rivalry with the Dutch. But who is to rival this master of church interiors, De Witte?—these magicians, Van der Meer and De Hooghe, of the parlour and the passage, of carpets, curtains, wainscotings, wall-tintings, furniture, and spinets in their various qualities and relations. Add the names Mieris, Metz, Teniers, Terburg, and we may be sure that here is an epitome of all the glories of Holland. In the Italian schools, cared for most by those who care most for invention, for passion, for dignity, for devotion, the exhibition is not proportionately strong. Among the earlier masters, Mr. Leyland's Signorcelli, though interesting and desirable, is not in his best manner; his two rounds of Botticelli are not either of them first-rate. Colonel Markham's pair of *grisailles*, with the name of Mantegna, look like work done by scholars from the master's designs. The two small Raphaels are pure and delightful, the Giorgione technically of the rarest quality, and some of Lord Darnley's various Venetian pictures, especially his great *Europa*, are in the true manner and school of those sovereigns of colour and the brush. But perhaps the Urbino portrait group is the only Italian painting of the very first interest, both from the point of view of art and history.

Pre-eminence from one or other of these points of view is what makes a picture desirable to talk about—pre-eminent beauty and splendour, such as one cannot but feel impelled to describe and communicate, in the picture itself, or else pre-eminent interest in the questions of history, antiquity, curiosity, which the picture suggests. The list of things in this exhibition thus calling to be talked about is not long. The strength of the exhibition lies rather in the general level of its excellence, in its completeness as representing the English portrait-school of the last century, and in one more consideration besides, that it contains more examples than usual of out-of-the-way masters whom we have had little chance in general of knowing. One is glad to see represented names in several schools which, though not the first names, are interesting; as in the English school, Fuseli and Cosway; in the French, the animal-painter Oudry, and the portrait-painter Santerre; in the Spanish, Alonso Cano, el Mudo, and Luis de Morales called El Divino.

It remains to be said, that the work of hanging a winter exhibition has never, to our mind, been done before with such satisfactory care and taste; and that, certainly, the work of cataloguing, which is excessively difficult and necessarily hurried, has this year been achieved in a way to silence the scoffer. Criticism may not like to find itself robbed of some of those cheap triumphs to which it had been used to look forward; but the public is the gainer in convenience, and the Royal Academy in reputation. Next week I propose to return to the English school.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. MILLAIS has been painting a new picture of *The Moors*, which we understand is intended for the exhibition of the Royal Academy in May. It is taken from a point looking up the Tay from

Dunkeld, and is said to be better than anything he has done since *Chill October*. Another picture has a *genre* subject, two children visiting a sick companion, with grapes; and a third is of a worn-out needlewoman at her work. He has also taken the portraits of his two favourite dogs and of a little girl.

L'Art will in future be published in four yearly volumes, instead of three.

A COLLECTION of 600 of the works of the late Austrian painter Joseph Seleny is now being exhibited at Vienna.

THE ladies of New York have formed an association for the erection of a statue to the memory of Washington Irving, to be placed in the Central Park.

ABOUT three years ago, Messrs. Holloway and Sons, print-sellers, of Bedford Street, issued for subscribers a superb folio series of fifty plates with English text, under the title of *Works of Art in the Collections of England*, drawn by Edouard Lièvre, and engraved by Bracquemond, Courty, Flameng, and others. We hear that Mr. Bernard Quaritch has just secured the few remaining copies of this little-known art treasury.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER AND GALPIN will publish next week a folio volume of *Studies in Design*, by Dr. Christopher Dresser, F.L.S., F.E.B.S., consisting of original designs by the author, prepared during the last fifteen years, rendered in facsimile in combined colours and gold and colours, accompanied by descriptive letterpress.

THE private view of the exhibition of the works of Frederick Walker, A.R.A., at Mr. Deschamps' Gallery, is fixed for Monday next, and the exhibition opens to the public the following day.

THE Prince of Wales has given a commission to Mr. Griffiths, of the School of Art, Bombay, to paint him two pictures of Indian subjects, one of which is to be "A Snake Charmer," the other "A Street in Bombay."

M. CARRIER-BELLEUSE has been appointed director of the Sèvres manufactory. M. Thomas has succeeded M. Barye as a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in the section of sculpture.

CAPTAIN AUSTEN has sent to the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain an outline of the third silex implement found in Dalmatia. The weapon is in the hands of Dr. Domenico Nicolò, of Venice, who prizes it because almost overgrown by an alga. The tracing was made by the learned Istrian, Cavaliere Tomaso Luciani, of Venice.

THE attention which has lately been bestowed by the railway companies of Western Germany on the preservation of all objects of interest that may happen to come to light in the process of making their lines, has resulted in the acquisition of several valuable specimens of Roman art. At Dürkheim a discovery was recently made of a highly ornamented tripod, inlaid with gold and other metals, which is the more interesting as no other specimen of this form of Roman furniture has as yet been found in Germany, nor, as far as we know, anywhere else north of the Alps. Near Eisenberg a Roman grave, containing numerous terra-cotta and other vessels, has also been lately found by the men employed in carrying the new line across the Eisthal, and these, together with a large number of other Roman remains, have been deposited in the museum at Speyers, which has become so much too small for the rich acquisitions it has recently made that steps are being taken to obtain more space for these collections, which are worthy of the most careful preservation.

IN the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, two mural paintings, by M. Charles Landelle, have been recently finished. One represents the Death of St.

Joseph, the other the Revelation of the Mystery of the Incarnation.

THE fine gallery of carved wood in the Hôtel of the Bank of France has recently been restored. It contains copies of several classical pictures, of which the originals are in the Louvre. Among them may be mentioned two by Pietro da Cortona, *Romulus and Remus* and *Cæsar Repudiating Pompeia*, two by Guercino, and the *Abduction of Helen*, by Guido.

WE are glad to see that *L'Art* is about to enter its second year with renewed energy. Having regard to the boldness of the attempt to find a public for a high-class weekly periodical entirely devoted to the Fine Arts, and well illustrated, we are scarcely less surprised than pleased at its success. But its public has been found not only in France, but all over the civilised world, and it has evidently nothing to fear as long as it is conducted in its present manner. The last three numbers are fully up to its usual mark, both in letterpress and illustration; that for the week ending December 5 commences by an article by M. Guiffrey upon the miniature painter Van Blarenberghe. Though of Flemish descent on his father's side, M. Guiffrey rightly claims him as belonging to the French school. The special occasion of the article is the installation of the library of the town of Versailles in its new quarters, which contains a number of this artist's miniatures which are little known.

To this and to the following number M. Charles Yriarte contributes articles upon the Royal Palace of Madrid, illustrated by woodcuts of its articles of *virtù*, among which should be specially mentioned one of the beautiful *plaques* of Buen Retiro porcelain, with which the walls of some of the chambers of the palace are entirely covered from ceiling to floor. This, with a wood engraving of a very elegant clock of the time of Louis Seize, both by M. C. Maurand, form two of the plates *hors texte*; the other is a grand etching by M. C. Waltner of a Deposition in the Tomb, after Vandyck. An article on the Coliseum by M. Roger Ballu, and a chapter extracted from M. Ménard's recent work on Art in Alsace-Lorraine, conclude this part.

With it and the next is issued a supplement containing illustrated articles on the works of the great animal-sculptor, Barye, by M. Eugène Véron.

IN the next number three large woodcuts give us further glimpses of the treasures of the Palace at Madrid. An interesting article by M. Eugène Despois upon Italian Comedy in the reign of Louis XIV. is illustrated by clever reproductions of some of Callot's most fantastic cuts. M. Ph. Burty concludes the number with an article upon Jules de Goncourt, illustrated with woodcuts from his drawings, and an etching by him of a somewhat uninteresting female head by Gavarni.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., and Algeria and its artists, monopolise the latest number of this excellent periodical. An account of the life and works of the English artist is supplied by M. Genevay, and full justice is done to his charming portrait of Master Lambton by a beautiful full-page woodcut by M. Maurand. With this number is also given an etching by M. Adrien Didier of Michel Angelo's Libyan Sibyl.

THE persistently steady influx of Eastern art renders itself daily more visible in the South Kensington Museum, one half of the South Court being full, even to overflowing, with Asiatic products, some of which are loans, but the greater portion seem to be the actual property of the institution. Beginning with the colossal Buddha, who for some time past has occupied a conspicuous position in this division of the court, we recognise an old acquaintance in the Japanese sea-eagle of cast-iron, a figure which comes to us with a certificate of merit from an Art Encyclopædia of its own country, the truth of which will scarcely be disputed by any Western critic. Independent of the artistic accuracy of this highly-spirited

figure, the mechanical skill displayed in the articulation of the numerous separate feathers is a study for all workers in iron. Several cases close by are filled with objects in bronze, vases, statuettes, and the like, which will well repay close examination for the great variety they show in their treatment, whether naturalistic or conventional, graceful or wilfully exaggerated. One strange statuette of an emaciated crouching mendicant—Yogee or Fakier one would name him if Indian—is wonderfully Etruscan in feature. The head might have come from a terra-cotta of Volterra. Among these individual specimens of remote art we observe a useful series of trade specimens, both in bronze and in wood lacquer, showing us the ordinary articles of supply and demand in these materials. These objects are in many cases new to our experience, such as peacock's feathers, thin cross-cut discs of wood coated with the lac varnish which is so general an ingredient in Japanese decoration. We believe that the eventual destination of these specimens is Birmingham, and the workers of that town can hardly fail to derive advantage from their examination. A case of Japanese earthenware should on no account be overlooked. The amateurs of Italian majolica, whose consciences must at times wink hard at frightful anatomy and wondrous yellow and chocolate tints for the sake of a choice glaze or unmatchable lustre, can scarcely refuse to admire a wonderful water-turtle of natural size and brilliant colour, though we think the tail of the creature is, like the beard of Moses, somewhat more artistic than nature ever ventures on. An osier basket of sea urchins, however, one of which has been left in its shell purposely to show the artist's skill in dealing with the frightful spines which frequently lame an incautious diver, is simply perfect. Two or three plates in this case are worth notice as showing how well the Japanese appreciate the *chic* of masterly carelessness, so thoroughly practised by our French brethren, so seemingly out of the range of an Englishman. Before quitting this part of the court, attention must be drawn to a remarkable shrine or cabinet of gilt metal, lacquer, and carved steel, of extraordinary merit. Without dilating on the minutiae of various ornament, we will content ourselves with specifying a flight of storks—a favourite Japanese subject—carved in very high relief in steel, which fill a pediment of gilt metal, as of extraordinary power. It is a pity so handsome an object should not be placed in a better light. The collection of Admiral Sir Henry Keppel which stands near this place, needs no description, having been long exhibited.

A good many specimens of Chinese bronzes are to be found in this court, and show how mechanical industry and ugliness pure and simple predominate in the celestial mind over the clever caricaturism of their neighbours of Japan. Some pieces of Soochow ware, red coral lac, are well worth notice, several of which, we observe, are the property of Her Majesty. Persian art is very fully represented here, both in bronze, faience, and wood. A bold though meagre peacock, a noble incense-burner, and a series of bowls and vases are remarkable both for the fineness of the metal and the skill of the gold damascening. A case of embroidered shawls and other textile fabrics drew our attention not merely for their beauty, but for the wondrously low prices attached to the principal objects, a remark, by the way, which must in justice be applied also to the bronzes and earthenware. The museum seems happy in its Persian buyer.

THE STAGE.

THE revival of *Hamlet*, at the Lyceum, was followed last Saturday night by the revival of *Leah*, of course with Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) in the part of the heroine. The piece will be a sufficient Saturday evening entertainment during the present month: there are always Londoners anxious to see an old favourite again; and, moreover,

there is a new generation of playgoers since *Leah* was first produced. With years, Miss Bateman's performance has changed but little. It is still picturesque, or statuesque; declamatory, yet well studied. The elaboration of a performance which has been repeated probably a thousand times, must needs be great, especially when it is undertaken, as it is here undertaken, by an actress who conscientiously endeavours to be an artist. This elaboration, in Miss Bateman's case, is not wholly concealed, and the performance, though of much interest, accordingly fails to be absolutely satisfying. Whether this partial lack of the art to conceal art springs from too great abandonment to the personal impression of the scene, or too little, must be left to be discussed by those, on the one hand, who remember Mole's saying that he had himself been too abandoned to appear true—that *l'optique du théâtre* required another thing than that which his passion produced—and by those, on the other hand, who are careless of truth to a given character, a given and definite conception outside of oneself, provided they be supplied with the proof of vivid personal emotion. And however these may decide the matter, it is probable that Miss Bateman's performance is now, whether for evil or good, beyond the chance of change. As a representation that has moved thousands, Miss Bateman's Leah should be seen even by those who do not accept it as the perfection of art.

THE programme at the Court Theatre will be strengthened this evening by the performance of a little piece which the pleasant comedian, Mr. Coghlan, has adapted from the French. *A Quiet Rubber* will reintroduce Mr. Hare to the frequenters of his theatre. *Broken Hearts*, aided by the acting of Mr. Anson, Mr. Kendal, Mrs. Kendal, and Miss Hollingshead, continues to be performed.

MR. TOOLE and Miss Farren, in Mr. Byron's new piece, are enough to secure, at the present season, due attention to the Gaiety. Miss Farren is no less sprightly and acidulated than of yore, and the popular comic actor plays with the piece, any serious intention in which it would be difficult to discover or respect.

AN excellent performance, having died prematurely at the Haymarket, has been resuscitated and moved to the Charing Cross. At that theatre, Mr. Byron's *Married in Haste* is now played every evening, with the original cast, which gave due force to the representation of a well-written and well-constructed comedy. Meanwhile at the Haymarket, Mr. Sothorn's farewell performances are progressing. The pieces selected are those with which the public is entirely familiar.

MISS NELSON—for whom is destined the principal part in Mr. Taylor's *Anne Boleyn*—is now in town. She will make her first appearance at the theatre in about ten days' time, and has chosen the part of Juliet for her opening night.

THE quite successful career of *All for Her* is arrested at the Mirror, that theatre passing into other hands—but the pathetic drama, like the excellent comedy mentioned above, is not to sink because of any "prior arrangements." Mr. Horace Wigan takes his company to-night to the St. James's, which has been long closed; and there Mr. John Clayton will continue a representation which, if not yet free from all constraint and obvious endeavour, has at least the merit of earnestness and intelligent care.

MR. BURNAND opens the Mirror, which Mr. Wigan vacates, and changing its name to the Duke's makes another bid for success. The entertainment lately provided at the Opéra Comique is considered, for the moment, to be sufficiently attractive for the Duke's.

THE music of the *Timbale d'Argent*, with, as it is understood, a totally fresh libretto, will be produced at the re-opening of the Royalty, on Monday, by the managers, Messrs. D'Oyly Carte and George Dolby. Mme. Pauline Rita, Miss Rachel

Sanger, and Miss Inez D'Aguiar are engaged to appear.

ON Thursday next, Mr. Morton returns to the Opéra Comique, with a version of *Madame l'Archiduc*, in which not only several accepted interpreters of opéra bouffe, but a comedian of repute—Mr. W. J. Hill—is announced to appear.

THE Covent Garden pantomime deserves another word, to add to that which we gave it last week, though Mr. Rice, the writer of it, has not shown that literary cunning which at a neighbouring theatre one gets—and has a right to expect from Mr. Blanchard. Mr. Rice has done his work well, in his own way, if he has not followed very exactly the story of Cinderella. He has introduced a comic scene between the elder "sisters," not, to our thinking, in the best taste, but it finds favour with many. He has credited the Prince, lover of Cinderella, with a discernment which previous historians have not claimed for him—for his Prince has the insight to be taken with the love of Cinderella while she is yet in the kitchen, and a drab: a marked moral improvement on the older versions which represent him as enamoured only when she appears in great glory at the ball. In the representative of Cinderella, Mr. Rice has found a seemingly very young actress exceptionally fitted to render all the simplicity and *naïveté* which should belong to the part; and Miss Amalia's view of Cinderella is, wisely, a cheerful one, for the depressed maid-of-all-work usually exhibited to us would never have fascinated the Prince. And as the children who witness these nursery tales are generally more entirely logical than their grown friends, it is well to look somewhat narrowly after nature and realism in a Christmas production.

SCRIBE's pieces are awfully out of date, and have gone out of date very early; though now and again the Français will give us a comedy of intrigue, excellent of its own kind, as the *Verre d'Eau*. Perhaps the comedy-vaudevilles in which he co-operated have better chances of long life than either the comedies proper or the pieces designed to be of yet graver interest; for Scribe's characters are for the most part puppets, and puppets cannot be galvanised into prolonged existence even on the boards of a theatre; and, again, some representation of character approximating to the truth is a first necessity in comedy—in comedy-vaudeville it is quite a secondary, sometimes even a superfluous thing. Whatever the explanation—and this appears to us the most reasonable one—his comedy-vaudevilles are even now received in Paris with more of genuine interest than it is found possible to attach to comedies which are less like life than like the description of a game of chess read in the chess column of a newspaper. *L'Orpheline Russe*, a production of the lighter kind, has been performed, to the enjoyment of its spectators, just recently at the Gymnase, where Mdle. Délia has been found satisfactory, and Mdle. Diane Dupont promising.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER summed up, very happily, the qualities of M. de Saint Georges, who died a week or so ago, when he wrote of him, as he did long since: "Monsieur de Saint Georges ne manque pas d'un certain esprit poétique assez rare chez les faiseurs de libretti. Il a moins de trait que M. Scribe, mais plus de sentiment, ce qui vaut mieux pour la musique, plus habile à exprimer la passion que l'esprit."

MDLLE. SCHNEIDER, after somewhat prolonged disputes with her former manager, has appeared at the Théâtre Folies Dramatiques in the *Belle Poule*, a new production, with music by M. Hervé, and dialogue by Crémieux and Saint Albin. A certain vigour and pointedness of utterance, and the experience of very many years, ensure to Mdle. Schneider some remains of her old success.

MDME. JUDIC is going to the Variétés during the present year, and it is stated that Monsieur Bertrand, the manager, desires to renounce

opéra-bouffe, and that he has arranged with Messieurs Meilhac and Halévy to write him a *comédie vaudeville* in four acts. M^{me}. Judic, whose audacity of manner does not cover incapacity—for the actress is a clever one, and her stage audacity is the least of her attractions—will probably act and sing in the new venture.

THE Ambigu Théâtre, changing hands, has likewise changed its performances. *Belle Rose*, a drama by Messieurs Féval and Amédée Achard, will be played in a few days' time; meanwhile *Rose Michel*, with Fargueil in the character she represents with so much force and passion, fills the gap.

SARDOU'S *Ferréol*, which is still played at the Gymnase by M. Worms, M^{lle}. Delaporte, and the rest of M. Montigny's company, has just been brought out very successfully at the Residenz-theater in Berlin.

MUSIC.

ANOTHER place of musical entertainment is to be added very shortly to the large number already existing in and around London. On the 22nd inst. the Royal Aquarium Summer and Winter Garden is to be opened by the Duke of Edinburgh. A grand concert will be given on that occasion, conducted by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has been appointed musical director of the establishment. It is intended that two concerts shall be given daily, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. Special Thursday afternoon vocal and instrumental concerts are announced to take place during the month of February. Mr. Arthur Sullivan will be assisted in his duties as conductor by Mr. George Mount, who during the last few years has conducted the British Orchestral Society. It remains to be seen whether the experiment of daily concerts, which proved a failure financially at the Albert Hall, will succeed at Westminster. The Royal Aquarium will at least have the advantage of being more easily accessible than the enormous building at South Kensington.

THE Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts will be resumed at St. James's Hall during the coming week, when M^{lle}. Marie Krebs and Signor Piatti will make their first appearances in London during the present season. The next Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace will also be given this day week.

A SUM of money has been placed at the disposal of Mr. H. Weist Hill, the Musical Director of the Alexandra Palace, in order to institute a competition in musical composition, similar to those held on the Continent, and which some years since occasionally took place in this country under the auspices of the now defunct Society of British Musicians. Two prizes of the value of 20*l*. and 5*l*. respectively are offered for the best orchestral symphony, the composer of which must be either a native of this country or a naturalised British subject. Professor Macfarren and Herr Joachim have undertaken the office of umpires; and the work which obtains the first prize, and also that which gains the second (if the judges think it good enough), will be performed at the Saturday Concerts at the Alexandra Palace. The copyright is to remain the property of the author, but the directors of the Alexandra Palace reserve to themselves the right of performance as often as they please without charge. Unpublished and hitherto unperformed compositions will alone be admitted to competition; and all manuscripts must be sent to Mr. Weist Hill on or before March 13, 1876. We give these details at some length, because we consider the proposed competition a most excellent one. There are many of our younger musicians well qualified to write a really good symphony, but without some such stimulus as that afforded by the chance of hearing it performed,

to say nothing of the possible glory of winning the first prize, there are perhaps but few who would undertake the labour, both mental and mechanical, involved in writing the score of a symphony. The names of the umpires will give universal satisfaction. Two gentlemen better fitted for the post than Professor Macfarren and Herr Joachim, whose capacity and integrity are equally above suspicion, could not possibly have been named. We wish every success to this most laudable attempt to promote the cultivation of the higher school of composition.

La Belle Poule, a new operetta in three acts by M. Hervé, was produced in Paris at the Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques on the 30th ult., and is spoken of by M. Lavoix fils in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* in terms of very lukewarm praise.

THE Genoese are in a marvellous state of enthusiasm about their fellow-citizen, Verdi, *apropos* of the bringing out of his *Aida* at the Carlo Felice. Among other flatteries the *Voce Libera* published last week an ode to Verdi by Professor G. De Leonardi, written, as the dedication says, "a soddisfazione dell' anima propria." It represents Verdi as the Italo-European genius who has risen to the higher unity which embraces the German and Italian schools. We hope he has sent a copy to Wagner. The poem is too long and too fulsome to quote. Here is the last verse—

"E tu, fatto immortal, cinto di rai,
De' secoli coevo e cittadino,
Sopra l'Olimpo italico starai:
L'artista solo è grande, anzi divino."

Verses così robusti ed ispirati, as the paper says, may find place exceptionally in a journal which generally excludes poetry.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE letters and map from Lieutenant Cameron arrived on January 5, but he is himself detained at Loanda by illness. He arrived at Katambila, a suburb of Benguela, on November 7, having marched from Nyangwe, Livingstone's furthest point. He walked over the last 120 miles in six days. His followers will be sent round to Zanzibar by way of the Cape. Cameron is expected in England next month.

DR. PAUL GOLDSCHMIDT, the Archaeological Commissioner to the Government of Ceylon, has discovered in the North Central Province of that island a long inscription, in Sanskrit, of the fourth or fifth century after Christ. Sanskrit stanzas occur in two of the twelfth century inscriptions in Elu, lately deciphered by Mr. Rhys Davids, but, with this exception, Sanskrit inscriptions have been hitherto unknown in Ceylon. As Pāli and not Sanskrit has been the sacred language of the island from 250 B.C., this discovery is of great interest, especially as the most important works in Sanskrit known to Ceylon literature were composed at about the same date as that assigned by Dr. Goldschmidt to the new inscription. We hope that it will not be considered necessary to wait till Dr. Goldschmidt's labours are finished before publishing some of the results of his discoveries.

THE death of a local antiquary and student of history, Mr. J. G. A. Prim, of Kilkenny, has been announced. He early selected the profession of the press, and combined with his labours as editor of the *Kilkenny Moderator* the collection of materials for the history of his native county and city of Kilkenny. In conjunction with the Rev. James Graves he was the author of the best work on Irish Cathedrals which has yet appeared, *The Architecture, History, and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of St. Canice*, and the volumes of the *Journal of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland*, of which he was honorary secretary, comprise many valuable papers from his pen.

He devoted considerable attention up to the time of his death to the collection of local ballads, of which he possessed many curious examples, and intended to bring out a work on that subject. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty-four.

IN the course of a tour in the interior of the province of Chibli, a correspondent of the *North China Daily News* has recently visited the "art city" of the North of China, and witnessed the process of manufacturing the various picture-deities and other pictures which are sold at very cheap rates. He found a long narrow room in which about twenty men were employed. Along one side of this were ranged tables about six feet square, with a space of about two feet between them. Each table was equally divided between two workmen, and each half was again unequally divided by an opening about five inches wide and extending across the half of the table. On each of the larger quarters thus made a block is securely fixed containing the picture, or a part of it, in relief. On the other portion of the table the paper is fastened, so that half of each sheet shall fold over the block; perhaps fifty sheets are thus placed and turned back from the block upon themselves. The block is then inked by a cocoa-fibre brush, a sheet turned over on the block, pressed on to it by a cocoa-fibre rubber, and then lifted and dropped through the opening, where it hangs and dries. Each picture passes through as many hands and over as many blocks as there are colours in it. The first block is for outlining the entire picture in black; then follow the other colours in succession, till the picture is completed.

THE Linoleum Manufacturing Company offer five International Prizes, of the aggregate value of 250*l*., and three prizes of the aggregate value of 50*l*. open only to students of schools of art in Great Britain and Ireland, for the best designs suitable to Linoleum floor-cloth manufacture. The judges are Sir Matthew Digby Wyatt, and Messrs. R. Redgrave, R.A., and E. J. Poynter, A.R.A. Designs should be sent in not later than March 1, and the adjudication will take place early in the same month. A prospectus containing conditions and suggestions has been sent us from the offices of the Company, 4, Fell Street, Wood Street, E.C., and may doubtless be had on application.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SWINBURNE'S ERECHTHEUS, by J. A. SYMONDS . . .	23
SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES, by DR. R. F. LITTLEDALE . . .	24
DESNOIRESTERRES' VOLTAIRE ET GENEVE, by MRS. MARK PATTISON . . .	25
BELLEVUE'S KASHMIR AND KASHGHAR, by COUTTS TROTTER . . .	26
BRIGHT'S ENGLISH HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS, by J. BASS MULLINGER . . .	28
JENKINS'S THE DEVIL'S CHAIN, by A. LANG . . .	29
CURRENT LITERATURE . . .	29
NOTES AND NEWS . . .	30
OBITUARY, NOTES OF TRAVEL, FOREIGN REVIEWS OF ENGLISH BOOKS . . .	32
BOSTON LETTER, by T. S. PERRY . . .	32
NEW YORK LETTER, by MISS J. L. GILDER . . .	34
SELECTED BOOKS . . .	34
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
"Light, Delight, Alight," by Professor Max Müller; The Drowning of Shelley, by C. Kegan Paul; Mr. Seaburne and Mr. Spedding—Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," by F. J. Furnivall; M. Mikulsho-Mackay's Ethnologic Researches, by the Rev. S. J. Whitmee . . .	34-5
APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK . . .	36
ONKEN ON THE POLITICS OF ARISTOTLE, by Professor J. P. MAHAFFY . . .	36
Mind, No. 1., by J. R. THURFIELD . . .	37
SCIENCE NOTES (PHYSIOLOGY, &c.) . . .	37
HAMERTON'S ETCHING AND ETCHERS, by FREDERICK WEDMORE . . .	39
SEVENTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS, I., by PROFESSOR COLVIN . . .	40
NOTES AND NEWS . . .	42
THE STAGE . . .	43
MUSIC NOTES, POSTSCRIPT, AND TABLE OF CON- TENTS . . .	44